

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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## A WEEK IN THE WEST.

FROM A VAGABOND'S NOTE-BOOK.

At last I lost patience, and answered perhaps somewhat curtly, "Sir, if you must know, I travel in *Scarabæi*." Now, in the estimation of my persistent acquaintance, it was clear that no one had a right to be away from home unless travelling "in" something. Dry goods and groceries are great powers. Let this be granted. But there are other springs to locomotion, and the commercial traveller is not to be countenanced in the notion that he is the only human being who can give valid reasons for vagabondism. Two minutes earlier a couple of parsons had come out of the Clifton House door, and, after a word or two with the huge black porter, who was sitting on the steps in the evening sun, had gone down towards the Falls. I had met them in Canada. One was on his way to a great gathering of Evangelical persons, somewhere in the States; the other, to visit emigrants whom he had helped out to Upper Canada from the east of London, and to consider the most hopeful outlet for future cargoes. Practical and theoretical philanthropy had set these two wandering. A group of ladies in a neighbouring balcony may probably have started on their travels from the desire to display their delicate upholsteries to the largest possible number of the human race. Sport, curiosity, idleness, science, diplo-

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macy, health, had each its share in gathering the company which met for four daily meals in our long feeding chamber. It may be matter for curious inquiry whether the world is not at least as much profited by the wanderings of any of these classes, as by those of either of my two interlocutors. The object of the first is to inspire mankind with a desire for A.'s pickles,—of the second to clothe the human race in stockings from B.'s looms. Neither Tobit, nor Ulysses, nor Herodotus, nor Livingstone, nor any other traveller that I know of, who has left his mark, is supposed to have sold goods on commission. I myself am a vagabond who cannot be classed under either of the above categories. My motive is neither sport, curiosity, idleness, science, diplomacy, philanthropy, nor a desire to sell pickles. If a man can be held to know what prompts him to do anything, which I doubt, I should say that want of imagination is the gad-fly which has driven me over much of the earth's surface.

Lowell says, somewhere,—

"He needs no ship to cross the tide,  
Who in the lives around him sees  
Fair window prospects opening wide  
O'er history's fields on every side,  
To Ind and Egypt, Rome and Greece."

But how if one has not Lowell's "study

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windows" to look out of? A conscientious desire to set one's own eyes on everything that is to be seen on this planet, inasmuch as without such ocular inspection one finds that no distinct idea comes through reading, photographs, or otherwise, is surely not to be confounded with the form of curiosity which prompted my commercial acquaintance to ask me "what I travelled in."

An interest in the Coleoptera, resulting in a slender collection, which occupies a corner of my portmanteau, suggested my reply, which, while, as I have reason to believe, it disconcerted my commercial acquaintance, was received with undisguised delight by a youthful traveller, who was enjoying a cigarette and the view on the next chair to our group.

When in a few minutes our neighbours retired to the hotel bar, he drew his chair closer, and opened conversation, hesitatingly, by a question as to the habits of cockroaches. We did not, however, get far in this direction. His interest in beetles was evidently of the slenderest, and my own leanings to this branch of natural history are not sufficiently strong to induce me to lecture on the subject. Just then the hotel omnibus drove up, laden with tourists and those vast, iron-bound, round-topped receptacles for wardrobes, which accompany American ladies on their wanderings. I have remarked that the old English passion for solidity breaks out in this direction of trunks amongst their descendants in the New World more than in any other. Indeed, I scarcely know where else to look for it. Yankee notions in general may be makeshifts for the day, but Yankee trunks are built for posterity. Amongst so practical a folk the reason is not far to seek. In no country in Christendom, or, indeed, in those parts of heathendom with which I am familiar, is all manner of unoffending luggage used so atrociously as in America. A perfect system of despatch and delivery is supplemented by a brutality of treatment in transit which would try the constitution of the

toughest bull's hide bound with brass (like Roderick Dhu's shield). I speak feelingly on the subject. Between the vagabond of civilization and his portmanteau, a relationship of an almost tender nature grows up. Upon it, or them, for there are few of us who can claim to have arrived at the distinction of possessing one only—I, myself, own a second, deposited in the Pantechnicon, and a third in an old schoolfellow's bungalow, on the slopes of the Himalayas—is concentrated all that passion for material possessions, that lust of ownership, which has done and is doing so much mischief in the world we live in. His portmanteau stands to the vagabond of the second class in the place of house, homestead, books, furniture, goods, and chattels,—a last link between him and the creation of men's hands, which we call wealth. The vagabond of the first class, who owns no portmanteau, valise, bag, or other receptacle for property, is doubtless the more enviable man. Of these, amongst moderns, I would assign a high place to Herr Teufelsdröckh, in those wanderings of his after his "baphometric fire baptism," when he fled from the presence of Blumine, and entered on his wrestlings in many climes with the "everlasting No." But the immortal Clothes Professor himself, besides some kind of galligaskin, or other tight-fitting garment, would seem to have possessed "a light blue Spanish cloak as his most compendious, principal, indeed sole, upper garment," and to have carried in some fold, or pocket, a loaded pistol, and a copy of the *Enchiridion of Epictetus*. Perhaps, therefore, Mr. O. B., of Trinity College, Dublin, who joined Lord Milton and Dr. Cheadle on their romantic north-west passage of the Rocky Mountains, with no possession whatever but a rusty suit of broadcloth, and a well-thumbed edition of the *Odes of Horatius Flaccus*, may be placed above the Professor. And on the same principle Mr. Mansfield Parkyns must take precedence of both during his sojourn in Abyssinia, when he would seem to have possessed neither Epictetus, Horace, pistol, blue Spanish cloak, nor indeed

any other garment than a waist girdle, and to have transacted the business of defending himself against the outside universe by the simple aid of a lump of butter on his head, renewed daily.

Whoever has once realized the almost irresistible tendency of lumber to increase, and the strength of that natural acquisitiveness which besets and weakens the best of us, will be ready to do homage to the man who sits most free of all surroundings, as the most independent, and therefore the most enviable, and strongest, of men. Thus in his best moments the true vagabond gets to regard even his portmanteau with suspicion, and will feel some gleam of joy, like that of Hans in luck (as he stooped to drink at the well, and his millstone slipped in, and sank to the bottom), when he hears that it has parted company from him.

But while the human race lasts band-boxes will multiply, and increase in bulk and weight; and let us hope that porters will be found such as the black giant of the Clifton Hotel, who roused himself from the steps when the omnibus drove up. Laying hold of the hugest of the iron-bound wardrobes, which the driver and his help had with difficulty lowered to the ground, by some curious twist he placed himself under it without help, and marched up the steps and into the hotel, under a burthen which would have tried a strong mule. No such feat have I seen, except perhaps on the quays at Pera, where the Turkish porter—on his watermelon diet—stands, the hardest of human weight-carriers.

My musings on the vanity of human luggage were probably suggested on the occasion in question by a little episode, which occurred during the absence of the black porter with his first load. My young friend of the cigarette hurried down the steps on the arrival of the omnibus, and rushed at a passenger who had stepped out of the vehicle, and was evidently sharing my wonder and delight at the feat of strength which had just been performed under our eyes. The clean-shaved chin, and

mutton-chop whiskers, of the new arrival, proclaimed the professional Englishman, of a generation previous to the great beard movement.

"Here you are at last. Now, where are the portmanteaus?"

"Yes, here I am. The portmanteaus are in the Canadian custom-house at the bridge, quite safe for the night."

"You don't mean to say you haven't brought them, after all your professions?"

"Now, listen, and don't look reproachful. I told the hotel porter at the other end of the suspension bridge to bring them over to this side, and meet me on my return from Toronto. Well, he brought them over, but as my train had not come in, he just lodged them with the Customs, who locked them up and went home with the key."

"Confound Customs, and national boundaries!"

"Amen."

"But who told you this?"

"The citizen porter, who could not be bothered longer with the luggage, but took care to turn up when my train came in from Toronto, with the modest demand of three dollars."

"You didn't pay him?"

"Well, yes; on the whole I did."

"What, for just getting on the train and coming over the bridge with two portmanteaus, and *not* handing them over to you as he had undertaken to do?"

"Now, don't explode. You can't have been a week in the States without seeing that it's the custom of the country to be pillaged for this kind of thing. You won't carry your own baggage. Good. You are free to do it, or not, as you please. A citizen—who, I beg you to note, is one-forty millionth part of the Sovereign Prince of this country—does it for you. You can't suppose you are not to pay handsomely for his condescension."

"Twelve shillings, without the exchange, for a quarter of an hour's work which he did not do! Wouldn't I be a citizen porter! But what am I to do for a clean shirt?"

"Do without it. Why will your generation make an idol of fine linen? Two-thirds of mankind have no shirts, and, of the other third, not a tenth have more than two—one to wash, one to wear. Why are you to have a clean one every day?"

"See if I ever leave you with the luggage again. Now, after this three dollars' business, I claim to be paymaster. You are self-convicted of reckless extravagance, and must hand over the joint purse."

"With all my heart. *Si jeunesse savait!* But just look at this superb ducky, how he handles those monster trunks."

The black porter slouched down the steps again, looked at the heap for a moment or two, picked out the biggest box, shouldered it without help, and was off into the hotel.

"Now, young man, look here. There is only one sight in the world which is always worth seeing, and that is a man doing his work as well as it can be done. Give me a light, and sit down and watch that ducky."

"And leave my portmanteau slumbering all night in the Canadian custom-house? I don't see it.—What do you recommend, sir? You see my companion is past the reach of argument or reason."

I had been an amused listener till now, and was rather glad of the appeal of my young acquaintance.

"I incline to agree with your friend," I said; "I should recommend you to sit down and watch our black artist dispose of that pile, taking a look at the Falls in the intervals. When he has done, he is the man to help you at the custom-house, for a consideration."

So it was settled, and we sat down together in the verandah, watching the porter and the Falls. Presently the older Englishman broke silence.

"I think I begin to see how it is that people are generally disappointed—I was myself—with the first view of the Falls. One gets it from the suspension bridge, or from up here on this platform. You are on a level with the upper edge of the Falls, and so don't realize the

height, or the mass of water, till you get down below and look up. Trollope was a rash man to try his hand at describing the sensation when you do get down. The sound too is much less, or at least much less obtrusive, than one had fancied from the guide-books. Up here and in the American hotels you are hardly conscious of it; and even when you are down below, close under either of the great walls of water, the roar, or thunder, or whatever you please to call it, is so soft-toned that you hear anything that is said to you even in a whisper. Eh, Donaldson?—at any rate you seemed to hear all that pretty girl was saying whom you squired down behind the Horseshoe Fall to look at the moon through the falling water."

"Alas, she broke the spell by quoting Virgil! As we turned to go up the steps again I offered my arm, which she took with an apologetic '*Facilis descensus Avernus, sed revocare gradum—*' Who could keep up the sentiment of the situation after that?"

"Now, young man, don't let us have any of this going back on your better self. Why, you ought to be proud of the state of spoon you were in for several hours—indeed until the classical young lady took the cars for Buffalo with her father."

"It was you who proposed seeing them to the cars."

"But who was it wrote something like this in memory of the occasion? 'We found our way down the cliff, and along a narrow track below, till suddenly, rounding a corner, we looked up and saw the whole vast semicircle of water, descending with majesty unspeakable and force irresistible, from the silvery edge just visible far above. And then the moon rose higher, and shot across that tall pillar of spray—the breath of the river panting after its leap—that goes up day and night into the sky from the throbbing caldron beneath, half-revealing the secrets of dim mist chambers, which no man may explore and live.' Why, I don't think I could have done anything better in the consulship of Plancus,



when I too wrote poetry, and squired damsels."

"That's too bad; you've been reading my journal."

"Well, I suppose you meant me to read it, as you left it wide open on my table; besides, don't I tell you that it is good fooling? I only wish I could get up that kind of steam now-a-days."

"You are a venerable impostor, and I wish I had left you to drown in the strong current bath."

"By the way, talking of Niagara sensations, that strong current bath will be about the most vivid of my recollections. But look, now; we really can't be loafing about here any longer; or, if you mean to stay, on the chance of another moonlight under the Falls in witching companionship, I must get away west by myself."

"You can't go without your port-manteau."

"For which thou, my son, art going presently to the custom-house, with Pompey. There he goes with the last band-box. Watching him is almost as good as hearing John Bright speak when his back is up."

"I demur to your comparison. Let us say it is almost as good as seeing Goldie pulling stroke in a neck-and-neck race."

"As you please. But I am not sure that carrying heavy baggage upstairs is not as useful to mankind—or, at any rate, to womankind—as convincing them of the advantage of being self-governing asses, as Mr. Biglow has it."

"At any rate, I note for consideration your point that the only thing worth seeing in the world is a man doing his work perfectly."

"Did I say so? The only thing? Very well, then. When found, make a note of. Now, here is Pompey, and you can negotiate with him that expedition to the custom-house."

The black porter came out of the hotel, and took up his lounge, laying out his great limbs on the steps in the full blaze of the westering sun, and lying back with the air of one who has well earned his right to be lazy. At first he didn't seem inclined to move, but pre-

sently the proposals of our young friend seemed to prevail, and they departed together in a one-horse hack towards the suspension bridge.

"You were mentioning 'strong current baths' just now," I said to the elder Englishman, to whom his companion continued to telegraph oburgatory signals until the hack turned the corner and disappeared. "What are they? I haven't come across them."

"You should certainly go and try them then, at least if you don't mind testing the sensation of being pulled to pieces. You'll find them over there on the American side, just above their Falls."

There was yet a good hour before tea-time in the saloon, so, thinking I could not do better than follow this advice, I strolled down the cliff, crossed in the ferry-boat, was hauled up the incline on the opposite side, and about a hundred yards above the American Falls found the strong current baths, to which I obtained admission on payment of twenty-five cents.

Each bath is a two-storied wooden box, about twelve feet by eight. You undress in the upper compartment, and descend a short flight of steps to the lower, into one end of which the furious stream is bursting through a sluice-door, only to hurry out at the other end by a grating. A stout rope fastened into the wall above the sluice dangles invitingly upon the foaming surface of the water, which is about breast-deep, and, avoiding the hopelessly strong current of the centre, you buffet foot by foot against the comparatively quiet water along the side-wall of the bath, till you can reach out a hand to the dangling rope-end, and swing off into the full rush of the stream. In a moment I was stretched out at full length, bobbing on the surface like a perch-float in a mill-race, and positively felt the arm by which I hung to the rope on the point of deserting its socket under the strain, before I could drag the other through the water to the rescue. But this little difficulty once conquered, came a feeling of boisterous indefinable exhilaration. I have deli-

cious remembrances of those bath-houses at Geneva, through which the blue sparkling Rhone races, tolerably fast for old Europe, but here was quite a new experience. The current shook, and jerked, and tossed me, with a mad violence that seemed determined to wrench me, whole or piecemeal, from my hold; and when at last I had had enough, and voluntarily retired from the struggle, with every muscle quivering, and every fibre glowing with the sweet, half-fierce pleasure of successful resistance, I felt that a 'strong current' bath was an enjoyment well worth coming to Niagara for.

When I got back to the Clifton Hotel, I found my easy-going acquaintance still loafing in the verandah. And what a place for loafers it is! All round the ground-floor of the hotel it runs, capacious, raised some four feet above the ground, shadowed by an equally capacious balcony, which runs round the first floor outside the bedroom windows, with the American Fall right opposite, and the great Horseshoe some half-mile away, the precipitous end of Goat Island, two hundred feet high, dividing the two. With a comfortable sloping-backed arm-chair, and your heels up on the low open railing which skirts the verandah, what can vagabond wish for more—as a temporary investment?

"Well, I hope you enjoyed your bath?" he said as I came up the steps, putting aside a handful of printed papers on which he was engaged.

I made my acknowledgments, and confessed that I owed a new sensation to his recommendations.

"Ah, I see you are looking at my collection of literature," he went on. "It isn't attractive to look at, but it's interesting to me just now. Were you ever in 'the great West,' as they call it?"

"No, but I mean to get a look at it before I turn eastward again."

"Well, I am bound for it too, but, having only a week to spare, am puzzled how to set about it. Look at all these pamphlets and maps. How in the world is one to choose between them,

out of half-a-dozen States, each as big as England, with twelve or fourteen feet of virgin soil on all the plains, and minerals lying about every hill-side, only asking to be carted away."

I took the papers, and ran my eye over the headings: "The pathway of Empire." "The gulf-stream of migration in America." "To save money, take your tickets right through" to Iowa, Missouri, Colorado, California. "The farther West a man goes, the better for himself and his family." "Eighty acres given free to every *bond fide* settler, with the option of buying as much more as he can work at a dollar or two an acre." "Dozens of lines building over the whole country." "Good fertile land at less cost per acre than would be paid for a year's rental in England, and ten years' credit given for the price." "Every season healthy. Sickness rather an accident than an incident of life in the West." These were the gleanings of my first glance.

"What do you say to them?" asked my companion.

"Eldorado within three weeks of London! it sounds like romance; but, from all I can learn, there is a good sound substratum of truth in these accounts."

"I believe so, too. At any rate, I'm going to see for myself."

"For yourself! Are you thinking of turning settler?"

"No, no; my roots are too deep in the old soil. The fact is, I have several long-legged, strapping boys growing up, and, like most of the youngsters in the Old World, they won't take kindly to the beaten ways of life. Somehow, our atmosphere is electric, and the whole of society is slipping away from its moorings. Latin and Greek for ten or twelve years, and the three learned professions to follow, won't hold English boys. They will swarm off, and I, for one, can't say they're wrong. So the point is, to find where they can light with the best chances."

"Poor old England! The bees swarming, and the drones staying in the hive. What is to come of it all?"

"Oh, never fear. Swarming has been England's business these three hundred years, and all the time there have been doleful prophets telling the tough old soul that the end was at hand."

A voice from behind :—

"You think her old ribs will all come crashing through,  
If a whisk of Fate's broom snaps your cobweb asunder;  
But her rivets were clinched by a wiser than you,  
And our sins cannot shift the Lord's right hand from under."

"Well quoted, young one. So here you are, back again. Portmanteaus all right?"

"Yes. You'll find yours in your room. Pompey luckily has a fellow-countryman, late a slave, at the Customs, who put the thing through for us."

"Silver key?"

"Yes."

"The figure, oh youthful Chancellor of the Exchequer?"

"Well, let me see; hark, Pompey, Cæsar, custom-house and all, three dollars and fifty cents."

"Half a dollar more, by Jove, than I paid, after all."

"Yes, but you paid three to lose our luggage; I only three fifty to get it back."

"'Macte novâ virtute puer.' Now there's just time before tea to get a clean shirt and a wash."

"'Two-thirds of mankind have no shirts,' who lectured me for worshipping fine linen?"

"Ay, but that was when the portmanteaus were safe in the custom-house for the night. Now, remember, we start West to-morrow morning. We have been lingering about these Falls too long, and know them inside and out."

"I'll go and have our bill got ready." And so they went into the hotel together.

Left ruminant on the verandah, I put my feet on the rail, tilted my chair gently, and watched the twilight fading, and a star or two coming out over the rapids.

*Rumination No. 1.*—There is much to be said for travelling in pairs,—particularly if there is about half a generation between you and your companion. If you are of the same age, you are too much alike, and get no good out of one another. There should be three, if they are all of about the same age, to travel together satisfactorily. Unless, indeed, it be on a honeymoon! But, with men, a full generation separates you too far. A man old enough to be your father, or young enough to be your son, lives in another world. He can't help it, or you either. However much you may love or respect one another, there is a gulf of inexorable years between you, and your intercourse has constraint marked on it.

*Rumination No. 2.*—Shall I go in and pay my bill too, and get off West by the same train to-morrow as my new acquaintance? Of all hotel bills I am not sure that American are not the least to my taste. Simple enough, no doubt. Four dollars, or four and a half a day clears everything, and saves trouble and arithmetic. But this same unaccommodating rigidity of charge becomes more aggravating than even the European franc for a *bougie*, if you often lunch and dine out, as a vagabond is apt to do. Does not democracy break down a little in this hotel system in the New World? A European *table d'hôte* is always cheerful, even if you are too proud or bashful to speak to your neighbour. An English coffee-room probably doesn't satisfy your gregarious instincts, but is often cosy, and in any case you have your paper to fall back on. But this horrible length of meals,—breakfast seven to twelve, dinner twelve to six, and so on,—and the bare, comfortless room, with, go in when you will, small bunches and units of humanity dotted about the dreary length of tables, silent, bent on getting through, weighed down by the delusive variety of the *carte*. Where can it all end but in blue devils and dyspepsia!

*Rumination No. 3.*—What's this? Ah, one of the documents my friend has dropped.

Let me see. Ah, here it is again. The great West the path of empire, and Nevada recommended as the finest opening for the emigrant, and her mines as the most splendid investment for the capitalist. The most prudent man in Nevada, it seems, expects to get, and actually gets regularly, at least one per cent a month for his money. Wh-e-e-w! What would our old Iron Duke have said, with his 'high interest, bad security' dictum? These hisaluting descriptions remind one of the recruiting sergeant's picture of Mexico, which lured Birdofredum Sawin to enlist for the war.

Let me see, how does it run?

"—a reg'lar promised land flowing with  
rum and water;  
Ware propaty growed up like time, without no  
cultivation,  
An' gold wuz dug az taters be among the  
Yankee nation;  
Ware nat'ral advantages wuz puffically  
amazin',  
Ware every rock ther' wuz about with precious  
stones wuz blazin';  
Ware mill sites filled the country up ez thic'  
ez you could cram 'em,  
And desput' rivers run about a-beggin' folks  
to dam 'em."

But don't Englishmen take all this  
much too coolly? Here are at least  
four great organizations for filling the

West with our people. The Illinois  
Central, the Burlington and Chicago,  
the Union and Pacific, the Kansas, and  
I know not how many other powerful  
corporations, with untold quantities of  
land at their disposal, all tugging away  
at the old mother of nations—like the  
litter in some deep-strawed farm-yard  
at the mother of pigs. For a vagabond  
of some years' standing, who has only of  
late been a sojourner in his own country,  
it is reassuring to find that the indomit-  
able self-reliance of his countrymen con-  
tinues unshaken. Read our newspapers,  
and you may fancy that society at home is  
honeycombed, from top to bottom, and  
that Old England is going cheerily to  
the dogs; but who ever met an English-  
man who had the slightest misgivings in  
the heart of him as to the future of the  
empire on which the sun never sets.  
Not even Mr. Carlyle, though he did  
write "over Niagara, and after."

On the whole, I think I will settle  
to go West to-morrow. So now, to get  
through the ordeal of supper. I must  
try to hitch up with my two countrymen  
—for, of all the human race, Americans  
at meals are the most difficult to break  
the ice with, and solitary feeding is an  
abomination. Then another smoke in  
the verandah, my bill, packing, and to  
bed for the last time with the Falls'  
lullaby in one's ears.

*To be continued.*

## PATTY.

## CHAPTER XII.

## PATTY'S ADVISERS.

WHEN Paul Whitmore went away, Mrs. Downes wished her husband would go downstairs with him. She wanted to get rid of Mr. Downes; she cared little that he should be courteous to the artist. The short interview between the two men had shown her there could be no friendship between them.

"So much the better—it makes me all the safer."

Patty had studied her husband's character; his was just one of the natures she had power to read thoroughly, and she had realized painfully during the last half-hour that all his idolatry, all her beauty, would fail to keep her on the throne she now filled in Mr. Downes's mind, if he ever came to know about her origin.

"He's not up enough yet among great people himself to be liberal about such a misfortune," Patty sighed, "and he's right. If one wants to climb, one must do it boldly; there's no use in stopping to see who one kicks down as stepping-stones, and people can't climb high who have any drag to pull them down. Paul will never speak about Ashton to my husband, I know he won't; and I don't mean ever to see his wife, and I don't fancy," she smiled, "that Mrs. Whitmore will hear a single word about me or my portrait."

While Patty stood thinking, Mr. Downes had been bending over the canvas. He looked at his wife—

"That is a clever young fellow, Elinor; but he has a very objectionable manner: he wants deference—I think you must keep up your dignity a little more, darling. Mr. Whitmore scarcely seems to feel that it is a privilege to paint such a face as yours. I came up to tell you that Henrietta has come to luncheon: the truth is, I asked her

yesterday. I—I am very anxious you should see a good deal of Henrietta, darling; she knows everybody, and there is a certain style about her, and—and—" Here Mr. Downes floundered; a rising flush on the lovely pink cheeks warned him that he was getting into trouble.

But Patty's natural coolness saved him from the petulant answer a more sensitive, more loving wife would possibly have been betrayed into making. She looked at her husband and smiled.

"Mrs. Winchester is your cousin, Maurice. I hope she will always find a pleasure in coming to see me. Shall we go down to her?"

Mr. Downes pulled out his long whiskers; he had expected a different answer, and, not being a quick-witted man, he was disconcerted. He could not find fault with his wife's words, and yet they did not satisfy him. Since their arrival in Park Lane he had become aware of an increasing sense of disappointment. His wife was charming,—he had never seen any one so beautiful,—she had far less of girlish ignorance than might have been expected from her age and secluded education, and yet he was not satisfied. He did not know what he wanted. He thought that he wished the playful archness which gave Mrs. Downes her most bewitching expression, should be used for him as well as against him—for his wife was never so gay and charming as when she made him give up his most determined resolutions; but he was not even sure about this.

"She is thoroughly sweet-tempered," he said, as he followed her downstairs: "most women dislike their husband's relations;" and then he sighed—he was actually silly enough to think that, perhaps, if Elinor were not quite so easy-tempered, she might be more loving.

Mrs. Winchester rustled all over as

she rose and shook hands with her cousin's wife.

Mrs. Winchester was a finely-formed woman, with a face that had once possessed the beauty of a fresh complexion, and large bright unmeaning blue eyes, but to freshness had succeeded the peculiar coarseness which told of open-air driving in all weathers, and habits of luxury. Mrs. Winchester looked now like a Juno rather the worse for wear; and, conscious of her losses, she strove to hide them by an elaborate costume and a judicious use of powder and pale blue ribbon.

Mr. Downes kept silent; he left his wife and her visitor to entertain each other, but the talk soon flagged. Mrs. Winchester occupied herself in criticising the trimming on Patty's dress, and in taking stock of the rings she wore; her eyes travelled carefully from the bow of the tiny shoe to the waves of bright sunny hair; not in rapid glances, but in a practical, methodical fashion. Mrs. Winchester was taking notes, and meant to remember them.

Mr. Downes grew impatient of the silence. "Elinor has just given her first sitting to your artist, Henrietta."

"Your artist!" The cousins were looking at each other; neither of them saw the lightning in Patty's dark blue eyes. Anger is so terrible in blue eyes. There is a steely brightness in it which brown eyes have no power to render: in the last there is the glow of passion; in the other, the glare of stern displeasure. But Patty's feelings had not reached such a pitch as sternness.

"Good gracious," she thought, "if those two are going to discuss Paul, I'd better stop my ears. De Mirancourt said, 'When you are bored, think of something pleasant.'"

Mrs. Downes forced her attention away, though she longed to listen; and reminded herself that in a fortnight she was to be presented at Court, and that she should certainly make Mrs. Winchester look very *passée* as they drove along side by side. But Patty was only a woman, though she was so clever; and she could not help, after a minute, gathering up the crumbs of talk

between the faded Juno and her husband.

"But still, Maurice, you must acknowledge he is a remarkable person—not much appreciation for style, and that kind of thing, you know; but he quite amuses me: these fresh unconventional people are so original and amusing. I expect your wife, now, would quite take his fancy."

His cousin left off speaking, but Mr. Downes stood listening; he wished to give her opportunity to explain her last remark; then seeing the lady sink back gracefully into her chair, he turned his head stiffly towards her—slowly as well as stiffly, as if he were striving not to impair the upright set of his collar.

"I suppose you mean in common with the effect produced on every one else; otherwise I am at a loss to conceive how my wife should have any special charm for this Mr. Whitmore."

It was just at this point that Patty roused, or rather that her interest forced her to listen.

What had gone before to cause her husband's words? She met his eyes—conscious that her own were full of eager terror, and that she was blushing.

Mr. Downes was delighted. He thought his wife had been annoyed by Mrs. Winchester's remark, and to see her thus appealing to his protection against his cousin's sneer gave him an exquisite sense of pride and power.

At that moment he would have done anything she asked.

"How silly Maurice looks when he smiles in that way," Patty said to herself, quite restored and composed now that she felt safe again.

"You dear Maurice," Mrs. Winchester smiled, in a large, encouraging manner—she was not quite so rich as Mr. Downes, and it was delightful to have a chance of patronising him,—“don't you see what I mean? Artists always admire natural beauty far more than that which is trained and conventional. Don't look ashamed, my dear Elinor; you will lose your freshness quite soon enough.” Mrs. Winchester's silk



flounces rustled again in a little chorus of applause.

Patty gave her a sweet, innocent glance.

"Oh, dear, I hope not! I want to keep fresh and natural for a long, long time; it must be so dreadful to look faded, and to have to think of what is becoming and all that; it would soon make me quite vain, I'm afraid."

Mr. Downes was startled; it was impossible that his wife could be acting, she spoke so simply and heartily, and yet when he saw the discomfiture in his cousin's face, he wished Elinor had said something less personal.

"She couldn't mean it, of course, it was a chance shot," and then he laughed to himself, "Poor Henrietta! I am afraid it came rather near the mark."

"When you come down to see us at Brookton, my dear, you will be quite in your element," said Mrs. Winchester; "you may be as wild as you like at Brookton,—milk the cows, you know, or anything that takes your fancy. Ah, Maurice, when will you settle down at Hatchhurst, and be the model landlord Charles is, with his cottages and his prize pigs?"

Mr. Downes had grown angry; he waited to swallow his indignation before he spoke, and his wife answered—

"I must come to you to teach me a good deal first, Henrietta; if you know how to milk cows, I suppose you understand all the rest. You see I have spent so much of my life at school that I am alarmingly ignorant on all these homely subjects; but I've no doubt I shall like Brookton and the prize pigs immensely. I don't think Maurice looks old enough for a model landlord, do you? We'll wait to go to Hatchhurst till we want repairing, won't we, dear?"

She said this with the arch playfulness her husband loved so much; she laid her hand on his arm, and glanced up for the smile which she knew was waiting for her.

"Little fool," said Juno, in a puffet; and then aloud, "My dear child, you don't imagine that people live in London all the year round, do you?"

"Oh no; but then we shall prefer to go abroad. We like variety and amusement. I'm afraid your grand country-houses full of dull English people would bore us terribly, wouldn't they, Maurice?"—she had caught a glimpse of frowning between her husband's eyebrows—"although we had the occasional relaxation of milking, you know." Her laugh rang out merrily; even Mrs. Winchester believed that though her young cousin stung, it was by chance, and that she was as free from guile as a road-side nettle.

"You are so young, my dear, you don't know how very pleasant such gatherings are, besides the introductions they lead up to. Why, I expect Lord Dacre and his brother, Lady Eloland and her two daughters, Sir John and Lady Pierpark, and many others of the same class."

"But are they amusing?"

Mrs. Winchester looked gravely at her cousin Maurice; her own father had been a rich manufacturer without any ancestry to speak of; she thought as much of a title as poor Mrs. Bright did. It seemed to her that any one sufficiently audacious to despise a title must go wrong, and she was sure of Maurice's sympathy on this point.

"Elinor is joking," he said; "we shall both enjoy a visit to Brookton, but I want you two to plan some dinners and entertainments; in fact, whatever you please. It seems to me quite time Elinor should show herself in her own house."

Luncheon was announced, and Patty made no answer to her husband's suggestion; she was thinking—

"I was in too great a hurry, after all, and yet I don't know. So long as one's husband has a certain position, nothing else matters really when people have once seen me; it does not signify who or what he is, and he is very presentable. Poor fellow! does he really think my life is going to be shaped out between him and that fat vulgar woman?"

The "vulgar woman," going on before on Mr. Downes's arm, was saying—

"She'll do famously, after a bit, you

know, when she has had just a little training; I'll do all I can, you may be sure."

To which Mr. Downes answered—

"Thank you; yes, she is so sweet-tempered, so anxious to do all I wish. I don't suppose any one was ever so fortunate as myself."

"But, then," said Mrs. Winchester, when she reached home and related the foregoing conversation to her quiet, subdued husband, "you know Maurice is such a foolish, self-willed fellow; he has such an idea of his own opinion; I'm quite sure, if one only knew his wife's history, there is something in it he has no cause to be proud of. People ought to have relatives of some sort or other."

#### CHAPTER XLII.

AT ROGER WESTROPP'S.

MISS COPPOCK had gone up and down in life, not by the gradual turn of Fortune's wheel, but by those swifter risings and fallings of which the child reaps an early experience as he tumbles on the nursery floor, pitches headlong down a flight of stairs, or finds himself at the sudden giddy height of a swing.

Her experience had taken its complexion from these sudden transitions; and as she had indulged, like most of her sisterhood, in much novel reading, of a highly-spiced sort, she had exaggerated and strongly-coloured opinions.

Patty laughed at her, and called her romantic; it was a profanation of the word, for there was none of the chivalry and freshness of true romance in Patience's forecastings. Intrigue, mystery, an implicit belief in the evil of human nature, composed the foundation of her fears and schemes, and the last of these was very uppermost as she stood looking at the face sketched on the canvas.

Patty's daring surprised her.

"How could she have the face and bring that man here, with the risk of his wife finding her out, too? though perhaps Patty has made him promise not to tell: she is capable of anything; that I believe."

Miss Coppock stood before the picture with a very dissatisfied face.

"I don't think I ought to let this go on under my eyes without speaking to Mr. Downes—no, how can I talk such nonsense? Speak to him—I'll die first." A curious twist came on the thin lips, a mixture of anger and suffering.

Her thoughts went on. Even if she could overcome her repugnance, what good would come of an appeal to Patty's husband—what chance had she of being believed? She would be dismissed, and so lose the hold which made her dismissal as she thought impossible.

If Patty had married a stranger, Patience would probably have sided with the wife against the husband, but Maurice Downes's claim was older, dearer than Patty's. The poor faded woman had at first wept bitter, scalding tears when she found herself utterly unrecognized, an object of dislike to Patty's husband, but she had learned to rejoice in this. Patty had taught Miss Coppock long ago that she must not live for herself, and now it seemed to her excited notions that she was taking a glorious revenge on her faithless lover in watching over his wife for his sake. She did not want Patty to love Mr. Downes. Patience would have stoutly denied the charge of selfishness in this, but the one drop of balm in her miserable existence lay in thinking how happy she would have made Maurice's life, if he had kept faith with her!

"He might have known, then, what a true wife can be to a husband."

Her life was far more unhappy than it had been before Patty's marriage. In Park Lane Miss Coppock felt herself an upper servant. Patty to her was simply Mrs. Downes, smiling, rarely affording an outlet for the bitter words Patience longed to speak, but as utterly, callously indifferent as though her companion had been a block of senseless wood.

"Why don't I give up; it's killing me?" said Patience, as she still stood before the canvas. "Why do I care how Patty behaves to him when he takes no more notice of me than as if

I were one of the maids?—it's worse than that." She was sobbing unconsciously with intense humiliation. "I know it makes him sick to look at me; I heard him say only yesterday that ugliness was as loathsome as disease: he didn't mean me to hear." She wiped her poor eyes, shining now with tears in place of their departed brightness. "No, his nature's not as changed as all that, though her influence is enough to spoil any goodness,—but I heard him say it. I'm such a fool that my ears seem to hunger for every word he speaks, and all the more because I dare not look at him; I daren't: there's no saying, if our eyes met, that he mightn't remember me."

Poor Patience! she had not changed nearly so much as Maurice Downes had. The seamed, scarred skin that masked the form of every feature, the fringeless, dull eyes, could not choke the expression of feeling as the growth of self-love and worldliness had choked the power of repentance and tenderness in the fair whiskered, perfectly dressed husband of Elinor Downes: there was no fear that he could remember Patience Clayton, the love of his youth; he had forgotten the episode altogether.

But there is no blindness in love equal to the blindness of a disappointed woman.

"No, I can't go away," she went on. "She may not seem to care for what I say, but I am a check upon her for all that; I can keep her from making Maurice miserable, and besides"—a gleam of hope brightened her sad face—"if I see things going too far with Mr. Whitmore, I'll speak to Roger Westropp himself. I'd half a mind to say something yesterday: he's neither fear nor favour to keep him back, and I can see he's not best pleased as it is with her for never going to see him. I shan't forget his face in a hurry, when I told him Mrs. Downes wished him to be considered her foster-father; when I think of the lies she must have told her husband to account for her having no relations, it makes me almost hate her."

Here again Patience exaggerated; Patty

had not been truthful, but in some ways she had kept to facts. This was the story Mrs. Downes had told her husband. Her mother had died when she was quite young; her father had not been a kind husband, had always seemed badly off, and she had lost sight of him for years; her fortune had come to her from an uncle, her only surviving relative, and till she went to school in France she had lived under the care of Roger Westropp, an old countryman. She called him her foster-father, as he was husband to the woman who had nursed her when a child. This was her story, with the superadded fact of her own creation, that she had been at a French school from childhood. If Mr. Downes had been less infatuated, if he had been in England even, he might have made a more searching inquiry. The letters of old Mr. Parkins, the Australian lawyer's agent, relative to the marriage settlement, had corroborated Patty's representations. The rank and position of her school friends showed Mr. Downes that his wife was qualified for the position he intended her to fill. The only cloud that ever came across his satisfaction was the possible reappearance of the missing father, Mr. Latimer, whom Mr. Downes imagined to be a gentlemanlike spendthrift. He had soon let Patty discover that he was just as unwilling to see Roger Westropp, the country foster-father, at Park Lane, as she was to receive him there. Poverty, misfortune, and ugliness were abhorrent to Mr. Downes; he liked the sunny side of the peach, and he would not be cognizant that both sides were not sunny.

"Well, do you think it will be a likeness? you ought to be able to judge by this time."

Patience started. Mrs. Downes had come into the room, and had been looking at her for some minutes.

"I—oh, I suppose it will be like—" The moving exhortation she had planned to deliver seemed out of place in presence of this smiling, artless creature. In her soul Patience struggled to keep to her harsh estimate of Mrs. Downes, but to-day Patty's eyes were full of sweet affec-

tionate sunshine, and the poor unloved woman could not refuse herself the unwanted enjoyment. Distrust in Miss Coppock was universal, not special; she was as eager to snatch at a present gratification as a child is to grasp roses in the hedge he is driven rapidly alongside of.

"As Mr. Downes says," said Patty, musingly, "it won't be easy to imitate my complexion."

Patience was accustomed to hear Mrs. Downes's special charms discussed by their owner as if they were unrivalled. Patty had a way of taking herself to pieces in talk, and appraising each detail.

"I dare say not, and yet that little likeness of your—of Mr. Westropp's—gives it perfectly; by the bye," she turned round eagerly from the canvas, "I wanted to tell you I saw him yesterday, and he sent you a message."

Mrs. Downes grew so red that Patience thought she was angry.

"What do you mean?"

"I couldn't help seeing him; you sent me to Chancery Lane to make those inquiries for you about old Mr. Parkins, and just as I came out of the lawyer's office I met Mr. Westropp. He caught hold of me before I'd time to turn away."

"Why should you turn away from him? I am very glad to hear about him. Is he quite well?"

Patience looked at her; there was a glister in the deep blue eyes, and the red still glowed hotly on the delicate skin, but Mrs. Downes spoke calmly.

"Either she hasn't any feeling, or she acts as well as if she was downright wicked." To Mrs. Downes she said, bluntly—

"No, I don't think he's well at all; he says it is the closeness of London, and this soft change in the weather, but he's as white as a sheet, and he seems so feeble. He says you ought to have gone to see him before this, and he sent you a message, but I don't think you'll like it."

"Nonsense." Mrs. Downes pressed her lips together to keep them still. "Why should I dislike it? What did he say?"

"Well, only don't blame me afterwards." Patience was half afraid, and yet she secretly rejoiced at the sting which she knew even Patty must feel in listening. "He said, 'You can give my dooty to Madam Downes, and tell her she've got no cause to fear her father 'll be the one to bring shame on her finery. You can tell her too as her mother were a virtuous woman, though she were poor; let Martha have a care she don't do nought to disgrace me.'"

There was a silence. Womanly feeling was still strong enough to keep Patience's eyes turned away. She did not see Mrs. Downes grow white for an instant, and then make a strong effort at indifference.

"Ah," she said, calmly, "he's angry, and he has a right to be angry. I meant to have gone before now. I'll go and see him to-day."

"You'll want me to go with you?"

"Yes, I shall only drive to the railway station, and I cannot travel alone by railway."

Even now accustomed as she was to Mrs. Downes's splendour, and the observances she exacted, a remark of this kind brought a smile to the companion's pale lips, and Patty saw it, but she was too wise or too indifferent to take any notice.

Patty did not choose to show her father the style in which she lived; she was only going to see Mr. Westropp, her pensioner; it was unnecessary that her servants should see their mistress calling at such a dirty house.

She drove to the station, and then went on by train with Miss Coppock.

"Stay here till I come back," she said, when they reached the station for Bellamount Terrace; and she set forth alone.

She had dressed very quietly in black silk, with a simple bonnet, and a thick black veil, but it seemed to Patty that everyone she met looked at her.

"And mine is a face sure to be recognized. One comfort is, no one in society could live in such a den as this is."

The house in Bellamount Terrace looked as dingy and squalid as ever,

but Patty scarcely gave it a momentary glance: she ran up the little garden—or rather assemblage of weeds—and the steps, and knocked.

Her heart beat in a most unusual fashion while she waited; all her acquired dignity seemed to be slipping away like sand. She felt the old petulance, the old flippancy on her tongue, when at last the door was slowly opened by her father.

"It's you, is it? Go in, will you?"

Neither of them made any attempt at greeting. Patty felt, as she passed on into the small squalid room, that none of De Mirancourt's teaching would serve her here. She realized what others have realized before her, that no light is so fierce and searching as that in which we are seen and judged by the eyes of near kindred. No modern gloss will cover or atone for a once known defect of childhood.

Roger pushed a chair forward; he remained standing even after Patty's silk skirts had left off rustling.

She looked up with her irresistible smile; but though the motive that had called it forth was self, though her visit was made quite as much with a view to her own security as from natural yearning to see his face again, there was some feeling yet in the girl's heart, and she saw that in Roger's hollow eyes and sickly hue which drove the glow from her own cheeks, and brought an anxious look to her eyes.

Roger had watched her intently; his pride was soothed, and his stubborn resolve not to show pleasure at the sight of her yielded. He sat down.

"Well, lass, I'm glad to see ye, but you've taken long enough to think whether you should come or not."

"It was too bad of me, wasn't it? but you see in London there certainly is about half the time for everything one gets in the country, but I hope to come often now. Don't you pine after the country, father?"

A deep flush, and a sudden vexed biting of her under-lip, came like a cloud over Patty's sunshine; but the lovely blue eyes smiled still—as eyes will

smile to which the practice is one of habit rather than of feeling.

How easily the familiar word had slipped out; it seemed to her, in the cowed mood which Roger's self-restraint had imposed on her, that she must never risk seeing her father in Mr. Downes's presence—the word would slip out again.

Patty wished herself safe in Park Lane. Roger's smile had faded; and even while it had lasted the half-knowledge she had of her father had made her aware that he had not had his say yet, and that, unless she could fence it off by her own cleverness, she had something to hear to which it would be unpleasant to listen. She detested strife or dispute; if all the world would only keep good-tempered and smile over their disagreements, it would be so much better. It would be too absurd if her father quarrelled with her for disowning him, when it would be so much pleasanter and so much more for his own interest to keep good friends.

"Pine after the country, eh?"—Roger smiled again, but with so much sarcasm that Patty grew nervous—"No, lass, I don't think it—and even so be I was to, I shouldn't turn my back on London; I've too much to look after here."

"But I mean for your health." Patty had not felt so shorn of all her strength since she left Ashton. She looked pleadingly in the small restless eyes, but she found no help in them—it seemed as if her father had an intuitive knowledge of her perplexity, and was determined to enjoy it to the uttermost.

If she could only get up and go away; but she dared not do this: it might provoke the very explanation she was determined to escape from.

"My health?"—with a disagreeable laugh,—“you've grown mighty careful about me all of a sudden. My health is as good as it has been all these months past, Patty—I should say Mrs. Downes—I mind that's more suited to your wishes; ain't it, ma'am?"

A nightmare was pressing on Patty's

new self. Her polish, her easy smiling power of repartee, seemed held back from her by a strength she could not grapple with; but she would not submit: she strove for freedom, and the natural weapon of her childhood, her insolent petulant tongue, made itself once more heard.

"Of course it is,"—with the old toss and the pouted scarlet lips,—“I don't see why I shouldn't be called by my own name; Patty isn't a name at all,—it's not fit for a Christian.”

Her eyes glistened with angry tears.

“Hark ye, lass,”—Roger smiled at her discomfiture; “you may do as you choose, for aught I mind, but I'll not sit here to listen to reproach cast on your dead mother. She named you Patty when you was a little un: you may be ashamed o' me, if you please; but have a care how you let me see you're ashamed o' her.”

There was the old sternness in voice and look, and Patty breathed more easily: she knew the end of Roger's angry moods; it was his sarcasm that took away her wits.

“Ashamed! it's too bad to say that; as if it's likely I could be—you seem to think badly enough of me, I must say, father. I mayn't, perhaps, have been as dutiful as some children; I'm sorry; but then you know you've brought me up to hate profession and show of liking—I thought by doing what I thought you wished, I was showing the dutifulness you'd value most. You can't have everything.” Her own words sounded so virtuous that Patty felt in a glow. What a good daughter she had been after all to this sordid father, who had refused to change his mean miserable ways even when she gave him means for a very different way of life.

Roger looked up sharply through his frowning, shaggy eyebrows.

“Dootifulness you calls it—I don't see much dooty, Madam Downes, in payin' me back some of the hard-earned coin I spent first on Watty, and then on you. By rights,”—he doubled his bony fist and struck his knee with it,—“the money warn't yourn at all; it

must ha' come to me in the nat'ral course o' things—Watty havin' no other kin.”

“I don't see that,”—Patty was growing cool and composed again,—“such things happen every day; where would be the use of making wills or of lawyers, if people always left their money in the regular way? Besides, it's much better as it is—I use the money, you would only let it rust; why, you don't nearly spend what I allow you.”

Roger's pale face flushed, but Patty had no thought of wounding him; she had grown so accustomed to dependants, and also to consider her father as her pensioner, that it could never have occurred to her he might resent the allusion.

“Insolent hussy,” he said to himself; “she's worse than I expected, but she shall pay for some of these airs and graces.”

“That's as it may be—I spend in my own fashion fast enough: I never spent for show. As to your being ashamed to own me, I don't trouble about it, seeing it's your account, not mine, that 'ull go to—but I have a word or two I may as well say as you're here. One is”—he cleared his throat—“since you speak of what you allow me, that I don't consider the allowance over liberal for a fine lady such as you to give away. Stop”—Patty was eagerly trying to speak—“I want to hear how you and your husband gets on together; if you're a good wife, may be it may make up for other shortcomin's.”

Roger knew that if he had chosen to change his name to Latimer, and to make himself look respectable, his daughter could not have cast him off; and yet he resented that she should have ventured to choose her own husband for herself.

“Mr. Downes and I live very happily.” Patty cast down her eyes. “He is very kind, and he thinks everything I do right.”

“More fool he. I tell you your mother was the best wife as breathed; but, maybe, if I'd spoiled her, she'd have turned out different. Well, lass,



you've chosen for yourself: I wish you luck of your choice. If your husband's all you say, you can't make too much of him; maybe I'll see him one day."

"I'll bring him here some day." Patty's voice shook, though she tried hard to steady it. "Don't come to Park Lane; it would make everything tiresome, and I'll see about what you said just now at once; I will indeed;—I mean about money. I must go now, or I shall miss my train."

She looked at herself in the little smeared mirror, and her father looked too;—he sneered; but there was sadness in his face. Patty's action had taken him back to Ashton and his cottage, and his daily life;—he had been happier in those old days.

"I saw Miss Nuna, a while ago," he said; "she didn't see me; she was too taken up with her husband, and he was looking into her face as if she'd been his sweetheart instead of his wife. That's a pleasant marriage, I warrant. Maybe you've happened to come across them, eh?"

"No, I haven't." Patty tossed her head and gathered up her skirts in sudden anger. "Well, good-bye, father; I really must go now."

She was out of the room, in the road hurrying along to the station before she realized what she was doing.

The snort of an engine overhead, as she passed under the railway arch, steadied her wits.

"What a child I am!" she smiled with contempt at herself. "Doesn't a man often smile down into a woman's eyes without caring a bit about her? Most likely she's got a temper, and Paul's smile would sweeten a vixen. Poor fellow! what a mistake he made."

### CHAPTER XLIII.

#### MRS. BRIGHT'S MISGIVINGS.

MRS. DOWNES held the creed that no person who could use his or her wits, ever allowed anything to worry. There were two courses open—either dismiss the subject altogether by the substitution

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of something pleasant and flattering, or else decide at once on some plan which converts worry itself into a means of gratification.

She only answered Miss Coppock's questions respecting her father by "yes" and "no," and by the time she reached Park Lane she had determined to try whether Paul still loved her, or if he really cared for his wife.

"There is no harm in it whatever: I could tell Maurice the whole story with the greatest ease if Paul were not an artist, and if it would not bring out things I don't want talked of. I do not mean to encourage Paul; I only mean to amuse myself, and to be satisfied father is mistaken. Maurice always says he dislikes prudery, and he thinks it ill-bred. Of course I'm not going to flirt; that would not suit my position."

A slight triumphant smile curved her lovely lips; she was thinking how utterly needless it was for her to seek any man's admiration; she could never remember the time when she had not known she was beautiful.

"Paul must look at me while he paints, and if he looks—well, I can't help his admiring me. I'm not going to fall in love with him, or any such nonsense; I should be as silly as Patience if I thought of it." She glanced scornfully at Miss Coppock. "I shall let her be present at the next sitting; she'll see her folly then; and, besides, I think it is more what is done, and it will shut her mouth."

Paul came next morning, and Mrs. Downes carefully abstained from addressing her companion; Miss Coppock's name was not spoken in his presence.

Paul Whitmore was amused at this fresh evidence of Patty's fine ladyism; but he never suspected the plain, gaunt woman, who watched him so intently, to be an ancient acquaintance of Patty's Ashton days; he looked on the companion as a total stranger; and as Mrs. Downes was careful to avoid any mention of Nuna, there was no chance of a recurrence to old times.

The picture progressed marvellously this morning; yet Paul went home

irritable, and disposed to find fault with himself and everyone else.

Patty was happy then, after all, with that dolt of a husband. She had actually smiled when she said Mr. Downes was satisfied with the picture.

"As if I care what he thinks or says! She must love him; she's much too clever to value his opinion a straw—unless Love has made the fool of her that he makes of the most sensible women after marriage. I suppose it's all right; but a married woman in love with her husband is fifty times more foolish than when she's a girl. I've heard that married happiness is bad for the intellect." He went on presently—"I suppose that's why I'm such a consummate ass as to plague myself with all this trash. And yet I don't feel over happy just now, any way."

He was vexed with himself; and he hurried home, determined to be pleased with Nuna; but when he reached the studio, he gave a sigh of relief that she was not at home.

He remembered that she had settled to go out shopping with Mrs. Bright, and would not be back till tea-time.

"I shall stay in till she comes."

He took up a book lying on the table, but it was one he had had with him at Ashton; and by that strange power of localization which haunts inanimate objects, its very cover took him back to Carving's Wood Lane, and Patty—Patty, as he had seen her blushing under her sun-bonnet in the honey-suckle porch—Patty, as he had thought her, guileless and loving.

What a blissful dream that had been! Had he ever felt anything like its intensity, its intoxication of happiness?

By some process which he made no effort to check, thought took him through the months and weeks of his married life. Just now he had said, great happiness was fatal to intellectual power. Had he been so happy? was he always quite content, quite satisfied? He clasped his hands over his eyes, and then he got up and went to his easel, and began to scrape a half-finished study with a knife.

"If I'm not happy, I ought to be." He turned resolutely from the whisper which had made itself heard when he clasped his head so firmly just now. The whisper had said that intense happiness, even if it were not lasting, was preferable to a tranquil, contented state of life.

"And I thought this was flesh. I thought this was good flesh when I did it. By Jove, how those sittings have improved me!"

He pushed the offending canvas away, and stood thinking of Patty again.

"It's first-rate study to paint her," he said. But he felt more restless still. He began to think that if he stayed till Nuna came in, he should be cross or sulky, and damp the enjoyment she would be full of.

"She will expect me to enter into all she has been doing with that old noodle, and I can't. I feel bored by anything relating to those Brights; and I know what I can be when I'm thoroughly savage. Nuna doesn't, and there's no need she ever should."

He sighed. Just then it seemed to him as if his wife knew very little indeed of his real self; but he checked the thought.

"I've got a headache, and I'm out of sorts: I'll go down to those two fellows again and see what they are at."

Nuna came home earlier than he had expected, and her heart sank when she found she had missed Paul; but she kept a smiling face before Mrs. Bright.

"Dear me! I *am* disappointed not to see your husband; but never mind, dear; we can have a longer chat. You won't forget my two messages to him, will you, Nuna dear, about getting rid of the smell of paint,—it is horrid, isn't it? I wonder you're not bilious,—and about coming to see us? I've set my heart upon it. You don't look at all as you ought. I'm sure it's the nasty paint; and, besides other things, there is such a thing as stiffneckedness, my dear. I don't mean rheumatic, you know"—for Nuna had begun to smile—"you're too young for that; I mean your father's wife. I don't defend him; don't

think it, my love. Only suppose I'd gone and set up a stepfather over Will! There's one thing, Will would have held his own against any stepfather; but I wouldn't let this estrangement go on if I were you; and you'd shut Mrs. Beaufort's mouth, too, which would be best on all accounts."

Nuna grew crimson.

"I don't want to stop Mrs. Beaufort; she can't say anything against me."

"Ah! my dear; don't now! I am sorry I said a word; it's nothing against you, of course, only she sneers at artists, and speaks of you as 'poor Nuna,' and as if you had quite fallen in position; of course, dear—now don't excite yourself, there's a dear creature, don't;" and Mrs. Bright's plump hands stretched out towards the flushed face and frowning eyes. "We who know Mr. Whitmore don't pay any heed, of course, not likely, but it's just——"

Nuna could hold herself in no longer; she got up with flashing eyes.

"And you expect me to make friends with a woman who speaks against Paul! I'm glad you have told me; if ever I do go to see you, it shall only be on the condition that Elizabeth never sets foot in your house while I am there. She is a wicked, false woman—I feel wicked when I think of her." The quick impulsive anger was spent already; the tender heart suffered for the pain on Mrs. Bright's face. "Don't let us quarrel about her, my dear, kind friend."

She kissed and hugged Mrs. Bright impetuously, and the talk ended; but still her visitor was not satisfied. She could no longer believe Mrs. Beaufort's insinuations as to Nuna's want of affection. She had never seen her so warmly demonstrative as she had proved during their visit to London; but there was something unheard of in a woman refusing to sanction her own father's marriage. Mrs. Bright went back to Gray's Farm more anxious, in some ways, about Nuna's future than when she left it.

"I hope Nuna won't come to harm." The good, plump, easy-natured woman sat thinking it all out when she got back to the quiet of her home; thought,

she averred, being impossible in London: there was only time there to see, and to eat, drink, and sleep; and far too little for the last, which in Mrs. Bright's estimation was the chief necessary of life. "But anything unusual must be wrong; and it is such a pity to be unlike other people, especially in a woman; it's my belief women are always safest when they copy somebody else—Eve couldn't, of course; there was no pattern to follow, and I expect that's why she got into mischief."

#### CHAPTER XLIV.

##### A DISCUSSION.

NUNA had not borne with her old friend's silliness; she had peremptorily stopped any further outpouring on the hateful topic of Mrs. Beaufort: but silly words have often as much root in them as those which are wiser; they grow in memory as rank weeds grow on a dry, stony, roadside heap. They were to be despised so far as they touched herself. She cared little for society, and she had as much as she wanted;—a few tried friends among her husband's acquaintances would have been glad to see her more frequently; but she shrank from invitations.

"I don't get half as much as I want of Paul now," she thought; "and, if we go out often, we shall get farther and farther apart."

The Brights had departed a fortnight, and Nuna thought something in their visit must have vexed her husband, he had grown so very silent.

"Are you painting anything especially interesting now?" she said to Paul.

They were sitting at breakfast.

Paul flushed, frowned, and turned over his newspaper quickly, as if he were eager for the next column.

"Generally, I know what you are doing," she said, "but you have not told me anything these three weeks."

"That was all very well while it was new to you; but it would be nonsense to go on with it; what possible interest can you take in the mere painting of portraits?"

He spoke coldly; he did not even look at her, and tears were in Nuna's eyes in an instant.

"Oh, Paul! as if everything you do is not interesting to me. You are painting a portrait, then?"

She made her voice cheerful; she saw that at her first words he had plunged yet more deeply into his paper. Nuna would have liked at that moment to have made a bonfire of all the newspapers in London.

"Yes," Paul had not been reading; he had been thinking how he could best stop his wife's inquiries without giving her pain—he looked at her and smiled. "You are sure to hear about work that is interesting; but don't ask questions about portraits, there's a dear girl,—they are distasteful enough to paint."

"Ah," said Nuna simply, "you poor darling, and you are sacrificed and have to paint them just because you married a wife who hadn't any money!"

She went round to her husband and kissed him, and, glad of the excuse for standing there with her arms round his neck, she bent down over his shoulder and looked at the paper.

"What are you reading, darling? Why, here are nothing but ships for Melbourne and all sorts of far-off places!—why, Paul!"

She looked laughingly in his face.

Paul was vexed: it came into his head that Nuna was watching him; and he felt that he had looked conscious when he said he disliked portrait painting.

"I shan't have time to read anything if you tease me," he said gravely; "you have not read your letter yet."

Nuna went away at once. She was trying not to be vexed by Paul's manner—a manner which, it seemed to her, grew more and more chill and indifferent.

"It's only from Mrs. Bright;" but she sat down and read her letter.

"Oh, Paul!"—her face was full of delight.

Paul had got interested at last in a corner of the paper which he was ashamed of looking at. He was in the

midst of a description of a dinner and ball in Park Lane, given by Mrs. Downes the night before. He read the list of distinguished names; among them were some artists of various kinds.

"She might have asked me." There was an angry glow in his eyes as he looked up at Nuna.

"Well, what?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon for interrupting you again, but here's an invitation for Gray's Farm, to go down on Saturday and stay as long as we can."

"Well, you had better go," said Paul; "it will do you good."

"But you'll go too, dearest?" She could not believe that Paul could wish her to go away and leave him alone.

"Me—fancy my leaving town just when I'm so busy! I don't know how to get daylight enough! besides, I want to go away myself on Saturday."

"Then let me go with you instead," said Nuna beseechingly. "I would much rather go away alone with you, than be at Gray's Farm together even."

"Well, I can't exactly. Pritchard's coming back, I hear—you need not look miserable, Nuna—he's not coming to London, he's going to Scotland; and some of us have settled to go down and meet him at Harwich, and hear what he's been doing all this time."

"But don't artists' wives ever go about with their husbands?" Nuna felt very miserable spite of all her efforts.

"Sometimes, of course; but I don't fancy you would care to be the only woman of the party. If it were only Pritchard, it would be different; but there are some fellows going I should not like you to know—you would not understand each other at all."

"Oh!" she wondered why Paul should care to associate with companions he could not introduce to his wife—she only said, "How long shall you be away?"

"A day or two; I shall be back long before you come home." Something in her face pricked his conscience. "I'm so glad you should have this change, my darling."

"Oh, Paul!"—she was thrown off her

balance by his unusual tenderness ; "you don't suppose I'm going there without you ; what pleasure could I find away from you ?"

"You'd much better go," but he kissed her and told her she was a dear little goose, and that when she got down to Gray's Farm she would be as blithe as a bird.

And then he hurried off to Park Lane.

Patty sat to him every day now, and he had grown to feel a restless impatience till the time for the sitting came. He hardly knew why this was ; he was not in love again with Mrs. Downes ; he had never said a word to her which he would not have said to any others of his sitters ; but she had become to him like a story, and each day he seemed to turn over some yet more interesting page.

"She is unhappy, I am sure of it," he said to himself, "and yet she never complains. I expect that fellow Downes is a fastidious, carping idiot ; those small-minded men are always tyrants ; she's too good for him by half."

Too good for him ! At first, fresh from a purer, more natural atmosphere, Paul Whitmore had gone away disgusted with what seemed to him Patty's deceit and artificial character. He told himself that she had the power of being exactly that which she thought most sure to please the human being she had resolved to fascinate ; he acknowledged her power, but he shrank from it, and, as we know, he resolved not to see her again.

People write and often realize in their intercourse with other people, that scales fall from their eyes ; that in an hour, it may be in an instant, a sudden revelation will come by means of a word or a look—a revelation which will dethrone an idol and destroy an implicit trust. And this case is enacted inversely only by a different process : just as the enchantress bound Thalaba, not by one firm chain, but by a continuous, unnumbered succession of silken threads, so will persons, and things too, from which at the outset

there has been an instinctive shrinking, become even attractive when keen perceptive powers have become deadened by the familiarity of constant sight or use. In Paul Whitmore's case this deadening had not been left only to mere negative influence ; Patty had first studied him with all her skill, sharpened by the keenness with which jealousy aids a woman's insight, and then she had thrown herself at once into the character which, according to her conception of it, must surely fascinate Paul. She was gentle, often silent, with a pensiveness bordering on melancholy ; and then she would sparkle into one of those glimpses of smiling sunshine which brought back to him a vision of the honeysuckle porch in the lane. And after the first, Patty was not a conscious deceiver during the long interviews between them. To her, acting was more natural than simplicity ; she was carried away by her part and by the interest she found in it.

She did not often surprise admiration in those long, all-embracing glances that seemed to come direct from the artist's soul ; but when she did surprise it, was it not something quite different to Maurice's incessant, complacent satisfaction ?

"The very approval of a man like Paul," she thought, "makes one prouder of oneself ; what does one care for praise when those who give it don't know the real value of what they are admiring ?"

And yet it is possible that if Mrs. Downes had felt as sure of Paul Whitmore's admiration as she did of her husband's, their position in her eyes would have been reversed.

Lately, the sittings had become less interesting to her than they were to the artist. She had been presented ; she was already talked about as beautiful ; and she was impatient to see her picture framed, and to enjoy the homage paid to the loveliness it represented. It had taught her to set a yet higher value on her beauty ; just at present she was very much in love with herself.

With a strange inconsistency she rejoiced when the last sitting came.

"How soon shall we have the picture back framed, and ready to hang up?" she said eagerly.

Paul was looking at her while she spoke, and he became conscious of her supreme vanity. He felt wounded; and then he smiled at himself for being harsh.

"You are glad the whole business is over; I've no doubt it has been a great bore," he said. The smile was on his lips, but there was a wistful look in his eyes, and Patty answered—

"You like me to be glad, don't you, that you have made such a success? you like me, too, to glory in the appreciation others must give to your skill,"—here her eyes drooped; "but you know that is all I rejoice in—no, not quite all." He looked up suddenly; there was the bright, artless glance that had so bewitched him long ago at Ashton; her voice was so low that no syllable reached even the strained ears of Miss Coppock, as she sat pretending to read at the other end of the room.

"What else, then?" said Paul, forced out of all self-restraint.

"Must I tell? I thought without words you would have known what these hours have been to me,"—she sighed: "but then I forget that sympathy is not as unknown to you as it is to me."

Her blue eyes had tears in them, and she again looked up at Paul.

Miss Coppock could not hear, but she could see; and her eyes told her that Mrs. Downes had said something which confused and agitated Mr. Whitmore.

Patience put down her book, and came close up to the artist, as he stood beside the picture, silent, but with a flush which mounted to his forehead.

"Is it quite finished?" she said; "dear me, how very nice it looks."

Patty never moved, but she could cheerfully have boxed Miss Coppock's ears.

Paul felt suddenly disappointed, as if a draught had been snatched from his lips—yet with a deep hidden away know-

ledge that the draught was unwholesome. He turned, so as to face Miss Coppock.

"It is not quite finished, but I shall not touch it again till I see it in the frame, and that will not be till Saturday. I am going away for a day or two; I shall look at it with fresh eyes when I come back."

"Miss Coppock, will you be good enough to ask Mr. Downes to come up stairs?"

Patty knew that her husband was out, but she was determined to know, before Paul left her, the impression he had of her.

Miss Coppock went; but the spell over Paul was broken. He smiled when Patty looked at him again, and the flush faded from his face.

"You do not give me up because the picture is finished," she said softly; "you will come and see me sometimes, unless indeed it bores you to come."

"That is not likely;"—and then he looked grave—"but a man who has his way to make in the world has no time for visiting."

Patty's eyes sparkled with anger; she could not understand him; still she said with her most winning sweetness, "Good-bye; I know you will come."

## CHAPTER XLV.

### MR. PRITCHARD'S ADVICE.

STEPHEN PRITCHARD had not improved in his travels. According to Jeremy Taylor, much travelling is not likely to raise a man's mind, however much it may widen it. When Paul Whitmore reached Harwich, he found his friend with looser notions than ever about life.

"Either I've grown more straitlaced, old fellow, or else your free-thinking has gone ahead since we parted company."

"By which you mean to insinuate that I have deteriorated. Stop a bit; let us argue the point, as an old aunt of mine has a way of saying when you ask her to lend you money in a hurry. In the first place, as to body; look at



yourself, and then look at me. You are, of course, the best-looking man of the two, inasmuch as you are not blessed with a Roman nose turned upside down, which I take mine to be; and you have black eyes instead of boiled gooseberries under your brows; but I'm speaking of health, sir. You are pale, and thin, and sallow; you look worried to death; whereas my portly visage has grown so smooth and rosy, that Care couldn't drive a furrow across it, if she tried: there's an elasticity of health on it which resists all impression from without."

"Care comes usually from within."

Paul was vexed, and amused at the same time.

"Don't be in a hurry, I'm coming to that, and don't forget also that I've been living under sunny skies, where life is treated more rationally than it is in our breathless little island. I've been enjoying existence abroad—not using life as a machine full of faculties for making the largest possible amount of money in the shortest possible amount of time. Care may come from within, but it won't come of itself; it comes chiefly from the contemplation of some possible or ideal future. Paul, my dear fellow, I gave you all the warning I could, but you wouldn't listen. I'm sorry for you, but you are the very last man who ought to have married."

Paul made no answer. He thought Pritchard was trespassing beyond any right of friendship. He felt sorry their companions had left them to finish the evening together.

They were sitting near the window, and could see the lights glittering over the shadowy town, and hear the swell of the waves plashing against the pier.

"Paul,"—Pritchard's voice was as soft as a woman's; it sounded strangely sweet in the dim silence,—"you mustn't get huffed if I speak my mind. I shall look upon you as a youngster when you have a grey beard. Just now I said I hadn't a care or an anxiety, but I've got them in looking at you. I should like to know what's amiss. I've not seen such trouble in your face since that time when you

first came back from Ashton. Stop; I've not done; what I mean is this—marriage is a mistake for such a man as you are; and if you and your wife are not happy together, part at once, and save each other a life's misery."

Paul started up; but Pritchard would be heard out.

"I speak for her sake quite as much as for yours. She has a soul that will never be satisfied with any love that does not match hers. Bless you"—he tried to laugh, ashamed of his own earnestness—"I understand women: they're best studied through their eyes—when they are true women, that's to say; but for all that they were never meant to torment a man's life out to satisfy their conceptions of what life ought to be: therefore I say, if a man isn't happy with his wife, it's a far kinder act to separate from her than to break her heart by constant disappointments."

Paul had stood grasping the back of his chair while he listened.

"Unless you mean us to quarrel, Pritchard, you must avoid the subject altogether,"—he was deeply offended, and his voice showed it; "but it seems better to tell you, once for all, you are quite mistaken: my wife and I are very happy."

He left the room. He would not go out; he was afraid Pritchard might follow him, or that he might meet the two artists, who just then would have been most unwelcome.

He went upstairs into his bedroom, and threw open the window. It had been a great effort to keep his hands off Pritchard. That he should dare to speak of his married life to him at all was unbearable; but that he should have studied Nuna so as to give him (Paul) a new insight into her heart, had been so startling, that astonishment had for the time held anger within bounds. It blazed out now fierce and unchecked.

That a free-thinking, pleasure-loving being like Pritchard should presume to give his advice on so sacred and delicate a subject as married happiness, was intolerable.

"What can he know about it?" said Paul; "what can he know about the love of any pure good woman, or about how it should be prized and cherished?"

He pulled up short here, as if his thoughts had run against a stone wall; but they went on again, glancing aside from the question he had asked.

"Strange that he should have formed that opinion of Nuna! I wonder what he got it from—her eyes, he said;" and Paul sat pondering till the lights grew brighter in the deepening blackness, and the hum of voices in the street below his window grew hushed, and left the dull plash of the waves to unbroken monotony. Was Nuna dissatisfied? He had told Pritchard he and his wife were happy together; happy—and then he began to question the meaning of the word.

"Why did I marry?" he asked himself, not repiningly, but in earnest seriousness—and the answer came, he had married for happiness, with a yearning for that pure bliss which his own early memories had taught him was to be found in a loving union, in a true home.

He had been young at the time of his father's death, but still he had distinct detached memories of seeing his parents together. He recalled these now; he was trying to discover whether his notion of married happiness was not something fantastic and unreal.

"I've read that our capacity for happiness is larger than is our power of gratifying it, and this is one of the means by which we are taught to aspire to the perfect love of heaven; but yet I fancy there may be intense happiness on earth for those who have full sympathy in its enjoyment: surely, so simple, so uncostly a thing as domestic happiness is within the reach of all."

You laugh at Paul for thinking this, you say he is visionary, he has none of that valuable and popular quality which those who have no other faculty label "invaluable common sense;" but your common sense may help you here, if you remember that Paul Whitmore

had seen little of married life, and that the few families he knew intimately were happy and united.

It seemed to him, as his thoughts travelled back to childish days, that his father and mother were always associated in his recollections—and then he remembered to have heard that they were not happy apart: almost Nuna's own words when she said good-bye to him. How wistful she had looked; and he had thought her tiresome not to take his absence more as a matter of course. A feeling of self-reproach came—how often he had left Nuna, and they had not been married a year!

"Though, in the love I am thinking of, time would make no difference, unless indeed affection became deepened and intensified by daily growth—a growth quickened by acts of love, done for the sake of one another."

He was getting less visionary, you see, but he was still vague; he still trusted in love itself too much as a sheet-anchor, without premising that the love must be so pure, so perfect, so really heaven-born, as to make the home in which it hides itself from worldly eyes an earthly Paradise. He knew what he meant and what he wanted; memory told him, and something nearer than memory, that he was the child of such a home: but as yet Paul only knew it might be; he did not grasp that the treasure he sought lay on his own hearthstone, and might be his if he really loved Nuna as she loved him. If he had asked Nuna why she married, she could not have given the same deliberate answer. She would probably have said that life would have been intolerable away from Paul; if she had been older, and so had gained insight into her own nature, she would have known that the overmastering love she bore to Paul had so united her to him that she had no separate existence. Left alone away from him, life became grey and neutral-tinted,—she was like a chrysalis; her own life lay shrivelled in the past; only the presence of her love could quicken her pulses and rouse her from apathy and vacancy. No one had

ever warned Nuna against idolatry; all other love since Mary's death had been thrown back on the ardent young soul, as the cold grey rock flings back the waves on the stones of the beach. Paul had drawn out her hidden love, kindled it, all unconscious of its intense and ardent power, till Nuna had grown to believe that there was no happiness that could satisfy so exacting a nature as her own. From the first she had a consciousness that she had been easily won, that her love had existed before Paul's had. It was her character to take blame to herself; it had not occurred to her, except in petulant, quickly repented of moments, seriously to doubt the strength of her husband's love.

While Paul sat thinking, it came to him that two subjects were continually trying to piece themselves together in his mind, and that from this very persistence there must be some mysterious affinity between them—the love of his father and his mother, and Pritchard's mention of Nuna. He called up the vision of her eyes; there seemed to him to be reproach in their lovely tenderness. Was he unhappy away from Nuna? No;—he tried to answer Yes; but he remembered that of his own free will he had settled to stay a day longer with Pritchard than he had at first intended.

He was uneasy and restless; he got up and walked about. Pritchard's advice came back, and he felt more angry than ever that he should have given occasion for such an expression of opinion; and as he raised his head haughtily, and threw back his hair with the old familiar action, Nuna's eyes, pleading, tender,—how passionately tender!—seemed to be looking from the dark corner of the room.

Paul's head lowered suddenly, and his hand clasped over his eyes. He was not trying to shut out the picture he had seen, he was concentrating thought on it. His heart swelled and throbbed with a strange mixture of sorrow and joy: sorrow in which remorse was mingled, and joy full of anticipation. Yes, he had wronged his wife; he had not been untrue to her: in his

heart Paul still thought he had behaved admirably and with rare self-denial in his interviews with Mrs. Downes, but he ought not to have kept a secret from Nuna.

"I never will have another," he said; "I'll tell her everything, and she's such a darling, for the very telling her she'll forgive at once."

In his usual impulsive fashion he settled to go home directly. Why not? it was not ten o'clock yet. He packed his bag, went down and wrote a note to Pritchard, who had gone to bed, and then found that no train left till six o'clock next morning.

This news set his impatience so ablaze that he went out, left his bag at the station, and resolved to pass the time awake.

He made his way to the pier and sat there, looking out over the sea, grown so quiet and still now, that its vast smooth surface seemed to vex his restlessness. He sat thinking still of Nuna; had he given her much unhappiness? The only time he had ever suspected she might have grief which she hid away, was on that night when he had been startled at the fire in her eyes; he had warned her against jealousy then, and he remembered the strange echo his words had had to him; he remembered, too, that on that same night had come the note from Mr. Downes.

"It would be terrible to make her jealous," he said thoughtfully; but he was thinking more of the disunion and strife it would cause than of the pain to Nuna's heart. He wondered now at the fascination he had found in those sittings in Park Lane, and side by side with the tender passion of his wife's eyes he saw that last look of Patty's. He turned from it with a feeling of reproach; he asked himself how he would like Nuna to look into any man's eyes as Patty had thus looked into his—into Will Bright's, for instance.

"What a Pharisee I'm growing!" he scoffed at himself. "Bright himself could not be narrower—as if women know what their eyes say; it's just a

trick of expression : I have heard Nuna herself complain of her stepmother's lectures about this. Poor darling ! she hasn't an idea of the way in which her eyes betray her."

And yet, that last look of Patty's, judge it as leniently as he would, had suddenly robbed her of the charm which had held him in thrall ; it had brought back his first shrinking. Which was the real woman, he asked himself, as he sat there in the darkness—the Patty he had grown to believe in, or the artificial, worldly creature he had recognized at his first meeting with Mrs. Downes ?

But Nuna's claims upon him had been strengthening even while his mind had wandered from them. He was angry with himself for thus wasting his thoughts away from her.

He did not attempt to analyse his feelings,—there was a blissful certainty of coming joy in them which was too exciting for such a process ; but he felt that Nuna had never seemed so precious—felt, too, in a half-real way, as a man feels who is suddenly told that a familiar book in his library is of rare value, not to be purchased for money.

He might have got a clue to the change in himself if he had remarked his complacency regarding Pritchard ; he had forgotten all about his friend's unpalatable advice.

By the time twelve o'clock sounded over the silent town, Paul felt so reconciled to life that he went back to the inn, and, finding his room still disengaged, went to bed and slept soundly till Boots roused him for his early journey.

## CHAPTER XLVI.

### A DISCOVERY.

NUNA had not slept all night ; and now, as she sat before her untasted breakfast, her eyes looked hard and bright, and there was a feverish spot on each cheek, which showed that want of rest had not overmastered the inward trouble that was working in her heart. Literally at work in every pulse-beat, it seemed to thrill over her whole body ; a feeling

till now latent had been roused to active life.

On the night before, she had sat up later than usual. Paul would be home the next evening ; only twenty-four hours before she saw him ; would he come, or should she get a letter to say, as he had said before, that he should stay away yet another day ?

"How can I bear it ?" she had said on this evening ; "if he only could once know what his presence is to me, he would come, I know he would."

Nuna had never been able to conceive herself as necessary to Paul as he was to her : without fathoming the shallowness of her husband's affection for her, she had accepted as a disappointment, but still as an inevitable fact, that women were made for men, and not men for women ; and when her imagination grew rebellious of the curb she strove to lay on it, and pictured earthly joys, more intense than any she had known, in the heart to heart communion of two souls made one by love, she had tried to school herself by the conviction that she was not worthy of Paul, and that she got as much of his affection as she could hope for.

"I was too easily won," she said. "Why else has he been so cold and silent lately ? I am not companion enough for him, and he gets dull—ah ! but—" and she remembered how lovingly he had urged her to go to Gray's Farm.

"But that was to go away from him," and she smiled through the tears in her eyes. For the present her grief lay hushed within her ; she had nothing actually to complain of, she tried to hope that time would work a change.

"If you please, ma'am," said the prim maid, "here's a man with a picture from the frame-maker's. He's not quite sure if he was to bring it here or to Park Lane ; but he says, as it's so late, he'll leave it now and call again in the morning to know if it's right."

"Very well," said Nuna ; "say your master is out, and I don't know if it is right, but he can bring the picture in."

A man came in, almost staggering

under the weight he carried, but Nuna was pre-occupied,—she did not look round even to see where he placed the picture.

The man went out again, the servant followed him, and the door was closed.

The strange feeling of depression which had hung over Nuna lately was still heavy upon her. She felt nervous, and wished suddenly that the studio was not so large, so that the shadowy, far-off corners might lose the gloomy terrors which she thought oppressed her.

"I'll go to bed," she said; "I have sat up till I'm tired out. I believe I am afraid of that huge picture; I wonder what it can be. The best way is to look at it."

She had shrunk from doing this, remembering Paul's dislike to be questioned about his portraits; but in his absence it was such a dear delight to gaze on something that his hand had touched—something created by the mind she so worshipped.

The picture had been placed against the bookcase; Nuna had been sitting at the table with her back towards it. She took her reading lamp, and went close up to it; her eyes did not at once reach the face; she was arrested by the marvellous painting of the hands, the grace of the attitude; "so simple, so unstudied," she said. "Paul has given this fine lady the freshness of a country girl."

She started so violently when her eyes reached the face that she nearly upset her lamp—started with a kind of superstitious terror—a terror which raised the hair on her temples, and bathed her forehead in sudden dew; then a scornful smile of incredulity curved her lips; she raised the lamp higher, and took a still closer survey.

She did not start this time. Something seemed to steel her against any outward emotion. Her heart felt dead, stony while she stood, still as the picture itself, taking in every detail of Patty's exceeding loveliness.

She came back to the table at last, set

the lamp down, and stood thinking with fixed eyes and clasped hands.

Not for long. Nuna felt on a sudden that if she stayed near the portrait she should do it a mischief. She made no effort against the wild tempest that had risen in her bosom. She had tried, at first, to tell herself that there was some accidental likeness, but conviction stifled this. It was Patty, and she had sought Paul out, and tried to rekindle his old love.

"Oh, God!" moaned Nuna, "take me in mercy! How am I to live, if Paul loves her?"

The night was full of torture. She had spent it mostly in walking up and down her bedroom, pressing her bare feet on the carpet with the longing after pain that mental agony creates; and now this morning she was not really calmer, only stilled by exhaustion.

She had tried to pray, but her dry, parched tongue had uttered words which her heart gave no voice to; and now, as she thought of the hours she was doomed to pass alone in the same room with that smiling, lovely face, her despair grew to frenzy, and she wrung her hands.

Nuna had none of the helpless feebleness which makes some women seek for instant support against sorrow—a feebleness which, if rightly guided, brings true help to the seeker, or, in another way it may be, deepens her misery. Paul had been the rock on which all her hopes had anchored. She only relied on Paul's counsel and will, and now Paul had no more love for her. She must go on loving him; he was a part of her being now; but pride, every true womanly feeling, Nuna thought, must prevent her from showing her love.

"He has separated us by his own act," and the words pierced through her as she spoke them. "Oh, Paul! could you have kept this secret from me if you had ever loved me at all?"

She had no power to withdraw herself from the hateful picture, so she sat through the morning, dry-eyed, waiting for her husband's return.

## THE DESCRIPTIVE POETRY OF CHAUCER.

BY STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

THE greatest world of Poetry and the most varied has been built up by the English nation. It began with Cædmon long ago on the wild headland of Whitby, and was "of the grace of God," and the first song it sung was of things divine. Then it sang of battles and the wrath of men, of old romance, of monkish evils, and by and by of the social and political movements, "of the passions and feelings of rural and provincial England," by a voice which came, not like that of Chaucer, from the court and castle, but from the rude villages which clustered round the Malvern Hills. At last in Chaucer it came to sing of men.

The first excellence of Chaucer, an excellence unapproached save by Shakespeare, and in Shakespeare different in kind, was the immense range of his human interest and his power of expressing with simplicity and directness the life of man. His second excellence, and it was an excellence new to English poetry, was his exquisite appreciation and description of certain phases of natural beauty. With him began that descriptive poetry of England, which, passing through many stages, has reached in our century its most manifold development. For as the English Painters have created the art of landscape, so have its Poets more than those of all other nations described the beauty of the natural world. No work, by any people, has ever been done so well. We have passed from the conventional landscape of Chaucer to the allegorical landscape of Spenser. The epic landscape of Milton, varied with ease into lighter forms in the Pastoral and the Lyric, was followed by the landscape of Gray and Collins, a landscape where nature was subordinated to man and to morality. Beattie, Logan, and

others infused a somewhat sickly sentiment into their natural description, and nature was still unhonoured by a special worship till Cowper began to speak his simple words about her, and Burns, though with a limited range, described her glory in the lover's eye. Then arose the great natural school, which loved Nature for her own sake. One after another, with unparalleled swiftness of production and variety of imagery, with astonishing individuality, Scott, Coleridge, Byron, Wordsworth, Shelley, and Keats sang of the mountains and skies, of the sea and woods, of streams and moor and flowers. The landscape of Scott was accurate, rich in colour, and romantic in note; the landscape of Coleridge, few as were its pictures, was conceived with passion and of a great range; the landscape of Byron was largely composed and of delightful clearness and force; the landscape of Shelley was transcendental, and he alone finds an analogy in the ideal pictures of Turner; but none have grasped with so much realism and yet with so much spirituality, with such clearness and with such passion, as Wordsworth and Keats—Keats in this point being only inferior as an undeveloped artist—the aspects and the beauty of the natural world.

The subject of this paper is the rise of this descriptive poetry in the poems of Chaucer. I shall leave out, in discussing his work, that which is best in it: the delineation of human character; the close way in which passion is grasped; the tender, yet sometimes broad humour—broad from very healthiness of nature—which makes his pages so delightful and so human.

I shall confine myself to those portions of his poems which are directly



descriptive of natural scenery, or of such additions to the landscape as the scent of flowers, the song of birds, and the pleasant noise of streams, things which appeal to other senses than the eye, and form part of a poetical—though not of a painted—landscape.

The landscape of Chaucer is sometimes taken from the Italian and sometimes from the French landscape. It possesses almost always the same elements, differently mixed up in different poems: a May morning—the greenwood, or a garden—some clear running water—meadows covered with flowers—some delectable place or other with an arbour laid down with soft and fresh-cut turf. There is no sky, except in such rapid allusions as this, “Bright was the day and blue the firmament;” no cloud studies; no conception of the beauty of wild nature.

His range, therefore, is extremely limited, but within the limits his landscape is exquisitely fresh, natural, and true in spite of its being conventional. The fact is, though the elements of the scenery were ready made, the composition of them gave great scope to originality, and Chaucer being a man of unique individuality, could not adopt the landscape even of those poems which he translated without making alterations; and being an Englishman, could not write about the May morning without introducing its English peculiarities. Moreover, the delightful and simple familiarity of the poet with the meadows, brooks, and birds, and his love of them, has the effect of making every common aspect of nature new; the May morning is transfigured by his enjoyment of it; the grass of the field is seen as those in Paradise beheld it; the dew lies on our heart as we go forth with the poet in the dawning, and the wind blows past our ear like the music of an old song heard in the days of childhood. Half this power lies in the sweet simplicity of the words and in the pleasant flowing of the metre.

“The Romaunt of the Rose” will give us the favourite landscape of

French mediæval poetry. The poem was written by two men, William of Lorris, and John of Meun, the latter carrying on the task of the former. Chaucer translated all the work done by William, and a sixth part of the additional work. With the poem itself we have nothing to do, but it opens with the accredited French landscape. One morning in May, the month of love, the lover dreams that he rises early and goes out of the town to hear the song of the birds in “the fair blossomed boughs.”

He begins with a delightful burst of joy in the coming of the May, the time of love and jollity, when the earth waxeth proud with the sweet dews that on it fall, and the birds escaped from winter are so glad for the brightness of the sun that they must show the blitheness of their hearts in singing.

“Hard is his hert that loveth nought  
In May, when al this mirth is wrought;  
When he may on these branches hear  
The smale briddes syngen clere  
Her blesful swete song pitous  
And in this season delitous  
When Love affraieth al thing.”

He rises in his dream, and listening to the birds, comes to a river, swiftly running—

“For from an hille that stood ther nere,  
Came down the streme full stiff and bold,  
Cler was the water and as cold  
As any well is.”

He is “wonder glad” to see this lusty place and the river, and stoops down to wash his face in the clear running water. He sees the bottom paved with gravel, full of beautiful stones. The meadow comes right down to the water-side, soft, sweet, and green. The morning tide is clear, and the air temperate, and he begins to walk through the mead, along the river bank. By and by he comes to a garden, long and broad, and everywhere enclosed with embattled walls, which are painted from end to end with symbolic pictures. This is the mediæval conception of a wild landscape, in which men could take pleasure. It is delicious from its simplicity and quaint order, mixed with

enough of natural freedom to distinguish it from the garden. But it is chiefly delightful for its cool morning atmosphere, and the impression one receives of being bathed in fresh water and "attempted" air. Nothing is permitted in the landscape which could suggest distress or difficulty. The trees are in full leaf, and each has wide room to grow; the grass is smooth as in a pleasance; the meadow slopes gradually to the stream. The only thing which rushes is the river, which comes down stiff and bold from the hill, but it is still a hill stream, not a mountain torrent capable of devastation.

This peacefulness of temper, this soothing character of natural beauty, combined with pleasure in cool wells and clear water, and green meadows and the shade of trees, mark all the mediæval landscapes in which poet or painter took delight. One cannot help feeling that the life of the men and women of those times, being, as it was, much coarser and ruder at home than ours, demanded as refreshment this softness and sweetness in nature, just as our over-refined home-life drives us to find refreshment in Alpine scenery, the gloom and danger of which would have horrified the mediæval poet. It is impossible, without smiling, to picture Chaucer or Boccaccio in the middle of a pine forest on the slopes of Chamouni, or left alone with Tyndall on the glaciers of Monte Rosa. Both of them would have been exhausted with terror.

But the author of the Romaunt cannot take full pleasure even in this delightful nook of earth. It is too wild for him: it is not till he enters the garden that he is completely happy.

"The garden was by mesuryng  
Right evne and square in compassing,  
It as long was as it was large,  
Of fruyt hadde every tree his charge,"

and all the fruit was good for the service of man. There were pomegranates, nutmegs, almonds, figs, dates, cloves, cinnamon:—

"And many a spice delitable,  
To eten whan men rise fro table."

Among these were the homelier trees, bearing peaches, apples, medlars, plums, pears, and other fruits. Then also the great trees for beauty—pine, olives, elms great and strong—

"Maples, asshe, oke, aspe, planes longe  
Fyne ew, popler and lyndes faire,  
And othere trees fulle many a payre.  
These trees were sette, that I devise  
One from another in assise  
Five fadme or sixe."

Their branches are knit together and full of green leaves, so that no sun can burn up the tender grass. Doves wander under the leafy roof, squirrels leap upon the boughs, and the conies come out upon the grass and tourney together. In certain places, fair in shadow, are wells, and he cannot tell the number of small streams which mirth had "by devise" conducted in conduits all over the garden, and which made a delightful noise in running. About the brink of these wells, and by the streams, sprung up the grass, as thick-set and soft as any velvet, and wet through the moisture of the place. And it much amended all, that the earth was of such a grace that it had plenty of flowers.

"There sprang the violete alle newe  
And fresche pervinke riche of hewe  
And floures yelow, white and rede;  
Sic plenty grewe there never in mede.  
Ful gay was alle the ground, and queynt,  
And poudred, as men had it peynt  
With many a fresch and sondry flour;  
That casten up ful good savour."

This then is his perfect landscape. "I must needs stop my tongue," he says, "for I may not without dread tell you all the beauty nor half the goodness of this place."

One marks in all this the subordination of nature to man. The garden is arrayed for his delight, trees for his shade, grass soft for his repose, all the fruits and herbs necessary for his sickness and health, for his pleasure in sweet scents and delicate tastes.

I have no doubt that the idea of this submission of nature to man, which is so constant in the poems of this time, arose out of the account of Paradise in

the Book of Genesis, where not only the rivers water the garden but the herbs and fruits are specially set for the service of man, and man is placed in the garden to dress and keep it. Eden was much more of a rich kitchen garden than one thinks, and so is the garden here, till we come to the rosary surrounded by the hedge, where the God of Love, hiding behind a fig-tree, shoots the poet to the heart.

But we ought especially to observe the order and definite arrangement of the whole, so different from our actual dislike of nature defrauded of her own wild will. The garden is even and square by measure; the trees are planted in pairs, and are set five or six fathoms apart; the small streams are led over the garden in conduits, so as to make an ordered network in the grass.

Even in the pleasant grove which Chaucer describes in the "Flower and the Leaf," there is the same delight in this arrangement:—

"In which were okes great, streight as a line  
Under the which the gras, so freshe of hewe  
Was newly sprong, and an eight foot or nine  
Every tree well fro his fellowe grewe."

Observe also the definiteness of the description. We are given the number of the feet between tree and tree. Wordsworth tried the same sort of thing in "The Thorn," when he described the pool—

"I've measured it from side to side,  
'Tis three feet long and two feet wide;"

only that in Chaucer the definiteness belongs to the whole landscape, and arises out of the distinctness with which his imagination saw the grove, while in Wordsworth, the poem being one of human feeling, not of natural description, is spoiled by the revolting prosaism of these two lines. Nothing can be worse than Wordsworth's introduction of himself into the midst of the passion of the poem; we think at once of a surveyor with a two-foot rule in his pocket.

With regard to the whole, it is worth observing that the woods we get into in Chaucer are not the wild greenwood of

the ballads, but the pleasant woods full of glades which were near many of the English towns. They have nothing to do with the forest-land of England, nor is there any savage wood in Chaucer's poetry. The place Canace goes to is a grove in her father's park at no distance from the palace. The woodland Chaucer wanders in is such as we have seen close to inhabited spaces, and itself in lovely order. Palæmon and Arcite get into a forest, it is true, but it is also close to the hunting-lodge of Theseus, and is traversed with broad green paths, a forest as well cared for as that of Compiègne, and of the same character.

The only description of a savage wood in Chaucer is of that which is painted on the walls of the House of Fame:—

"First on the wall was painted a forest  
In which there dwelled neither man nor  
beaste.  
With knotty, knarry barren trées old  
With stubbes sharp and hideous to behold,  
In which there ran a swimble in a swough."

And this is in reality not the description of what we call a forest, but of a savage part of the Foresta of England. In Chaucer's time, both in England and France, the forest was any wild land over which the people were not permitted to hunt. Hence it came to mean uncultivated land as opposed to cultivated. It might even mean, as it did sometimes in France, the fisheries of the king. At any rate it had not necessarily anything to do with woods, though woods were included under the term. It was used to describe open commons, like Wimbledon Common, with furze and clumps of wild briars. It was used to describe the chalk downs. Chaucer's woods are, however, real woods. He lived for the most part in London. Highgate, Hampstead, and all the hills on the north and north-west were then clothed with great trees; and exactly such a landscape as we find him describing, with the soft sward and the sparsely-planted trees, and the fresh river running near, he could see any morning he pleased by walking up the valley of the Fleet

towards the present ridge of the City Road.

Once more, with regard to this poem,—the “Romaunt of the Rose” and its landscape—we observe what is strange in mediæval work, and which certainly could not have been the case had the poem been an Italian and not a French one, that there is in it no delight in colour. The leaves are said to be green, the flowers yellow, white, and red; but there is no distinctiveness in these expressions, and it is always the power of distinctive allotment of colours, and the choice of such expressions as mark minute shades of them, which proves love of colour in a poet.

The question is, had Chaucer this love of colour? We can fortunately answer that question with particular accuracy. One of his poems—“The Complaynte of a Lovere's Lyfe”—opens with an exact imitation of the “Romaunt of the Rose”—the walk through the wood by the meadows along the river, and the entrance into the garden. A peculiar English landscape touch is inserted, which is not found in the French poem—the lifting of the misty vapour; but it is the glow of colour which is so remarkable. The dew he describes as like silver in shining upon the green mead; flowers of every hue open out their leaves against the sun, which, gold-burnished in his sphere, pours down on them his beams; the river runs clear as beryl—that is, of a bright sea-green, reflecting probably the grass. The great stones of the encircling wall are green. Within the garden, where the birds in plain and vale were singing so loudly that all the wood rung

“Like as it should shiver in pieces small”—

a wonderful piece of descriptive audacity—and where the nightingale was wrestling out her voice with so great might as if her heart would burst for love, Nature had tapestried the soil with colour; the wind blew through white blossoms; the hawthorn wore her white mantle; and the well in the centre, surrounded

with velvet grass, has all its sands gold colour seen through the water pure as glass. He has departed from the whole of his model chiefly by insertion of colour; and he is as minute and delicate in its finish as he is large in his broad sketches of its distribution over a landscape. When the eagle blushes—and the absurdity of this does not spoil the lovely piece of colour which follows—it is

“Right as the freshe redde rose newe  
Against the summer sun coloured is.”

When he watches the fish glancing through the brilliant stream, he tells us that their fins are red and the scales silver bright. Speaking of the oak leaves in spring, he distinguishes, with great delicacy of observation, the colour of the leaves when they first burst from the bud, which are of a red cinereous colour, from that of the fully expanded foliage.

“Some very redde, and some a glad light  
grene.”

When Canace, “bright as the young sun,” rises very early in the morning and walks to the dell in her father's park, she sees the sun rising ruddy and broad through the vapour which glides upward from the earth, and passes on to rest beneath a tree white as chalk for dryness, a sharp description of the gaunt white look of a blasted tree seen in the midst of a green wood.

But of all the colours which Chaucer loved in nature, he loved best the harmony of white and green in one of his favourite daisied meadows. In the “Cuckoo and the Nightingale” he holds his way down by a brook-side—

“Til I came to a laund of white and green,  
So faire one hadde I never in been:  
The ground was greene, ypoudred with  
daisie,

The flowers and the greves like hie  
All ggrene and white, was nothing elles  
seen.”

It may be, in an age when colours in art had each their peculiar religious significance, that Chaucer, a man who had travelled in Italy and who had himself the instinct of symbolism, had

some spiritual meaning in the constant association of these two colours of white and green. Green, the hue of spring, signified hope, and particularly the hope of Immortality; white was the emblem, among other things, of light and joy, and was always in pictures the colour of the robe worn by the Saviour at and immediately after His Resurrection, especially when in that touching legend, He goes to visit His Mother first in her own house. So that, if this conjecture be true, the whole delight and rapture of Chaucer in a spring morning as he lay in a daisied meadow and heard the birds chaunt their service of praise to God, had a further sentiment to his heart—the sentiment of religious victory, the hope and joy of the resurrection to immortality.

Still dwelling on Chaucer's colour, it is curious the number of concentrated pictures which are to be found in his poems, pictures so sharply drawn in colour that they might be at once painted from the description. Here is one which Burne Jones might put down in colour on the canvas. The poet, in the conventional May morning, comes to a green arbour in a delectable place, benched with new and clean turf. On either side of the door a holly and a woodbine grow. One can imagine the exquisite way these two plants would mingle their leaves in glossy and dead colour, the flowers of the woodbine running through both, like one thought drifting hither and thither through dreams; and how Chaucer must have smiled with pleasant joy when he saw them in his vision. He looks in and the arbour is full of scarlet flowers, and down among them, sore wounded, "a man in black and white colour, pale and wan," is lying, bitterly complaining. Scarlet, black, white, one sees that, "flashing upon the inward eye," not in outline, nor in detail, but in colour, and that is the test whether a poet is a good colourist or not. It is no common excellence. Our mind's eye, which as we read creates the landscape before it, demands harmony of colour in the

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poetical as much as in the actual landscape. On the other hand, to give no colour in a landscape which we know must have colour, or to insist on one colour till the eye of the imagination is dazzled by it, is equally bad in poetical work.

There is a splendid study of colour, unequalled in its way in our literature, in Chaucer's picture of the cock in the "Nun's Priests Tale." The widow keeps in her yard a famous stock of poultry—

"In which she had a cock, hight Chaunteclere,  
In al the lond of crowyng was noon his  
peere.

His vois was merier than the mery orgon,  
On masse dayes that in the chirche goon;  
Well sikerer was his crowyng in his logge  
Than is a klok or abay orlogge.  
His comb was redder than the fine coral,  
And battayld, as it were a castel wal.  
His bile was blak, and as the geet it schon;  
Like asur were his legges and his ton;  
His nayles whitter than the lily flour,  
And lik the burnischt gold was his colour."

It is as forcible and as brilliant as a picture of Hondecoeter, whose cock, a glorious bird, used to sit to him like a human being.

It is plain that a special study like this of an animal is not unfitting in the sphere of poetry, but one may doubt whether a poetical description of a landscape, even of so centralized a piece of landscape as that of the arbour, ought to be so given as to be capable of being rendered at once by the sister art of painting. It is a well-known critical rule, that the arts ought never to travel out of their own sphere—that no landscape in poetry should be conceived, as it were, from a painting, nor capable of being painted, and that no landscape picture should be capable of being described in words. In both the poetical and the pictorial landscape there ought to be elements above and beyond the power of the other art to render, and if Chaucer's landscapes were always the same as that of the arbour, and the black and white man among the scarlet flowers, he would have been justly called an inferior artist. But this is by no means the case; the direct contrary is the case.

The influence of the landscape on the senses and on the heart is almost always clearly marked, especially the glow and joy which the resurrection of the earth in Spring imparts to mind and body. He cannot restrain his delight in the colour of the trees. He breaks out :—

"But Lord, so I was glad and wel begone,  
For over all where I mine even caste  
Were trees clad with leaves that aie shal last  
Eche in his kind, with colour freshe and grene  
As emeraude, that joy it was to sene."

He has "inly so great pleasure in sweet scents that he thinks he is ravished into paradise." The song of the nightingale enchants him into such an ecstasy that he does not know, he says, "where he was." Wherever he goes, by brook or through meadow, he throws himself with simple but passionate feeling into the life of all things; never, as our modern poets do, confusing himself with nature, or imputing to her his feelings; but always humbly and naturally receiving, without a thought of himself, almost devotionally, impressions of sensible and spiritual beauty from the natural world. There is nothing more beautiful in Chaucer's landscapes than our own vision of the child-like man moving about in them in happy "ravishment." We must conceive him as painted by the host in the prologue to the tale of "Sir Thopas"—

"Thou lokest as thou woldest fynde a hare,  
For ever on the ground I see thee stare"—

large-bodied, for the host jokes with him on his being as round in the waist as himself—

"He in the wast is schape as well as I,"  
but with features small and fair—

"He seemeth elvisch by his countenance."

The word "elvisch," both in its then and later meaning, touches the poetic quality of some of Chaucer's poetry, and the innocent mischief of his humour is elfish enough at times. But Chaucer used the word to express nothing more

than that his features were small and delicate.

This simple childlikeness and intensity of Chaucer, two qualities which, when they do not exclude, exalt each other, and which, when combined in harmonious proportions, are the first necessity of a poetic nature, flow over all his landscapes like the rejoicing, enchanting light of dawn. This is the first of those elements of his poetry which makes his landscapes impossible to be painted.

Of two other unpaintable things the landscape is also full—of the scent of flowers, and the songs of birds, and now and then of the noise of water.

In the "Flower and the Leaf," after describing one of his favourite arbours and the pleasant sight of the cornfields and the meadows, he suddenly feels so sweet an air of the "eglantere" that no heart, however overlaid with froward thoughts but would have relief if it had once felt this savour sweet. An additional delicacy is given to the whole landscape by this sudden rich appeal to another sense. The delight of a sweet smell enhances all his pleasure. But he is not content with this alone, and here comes in that law of harmony of which I have spoken as marking the great artist's work—there must be a melody of scents, a chord of odour as a chord of colour. So further on, as he is searching for the nightingale, he finds her in a fresh green laurel tree,

"That gave so passing a delicious smell  
According to the eglantere full well."

In another poem the same thought occurs of all things in nature, however different, being in musical accord.

"And the river that I sat upon,  
It made such a noise as it ron  
Accordant with the bridde's harmony;  
Methought it was the best melody  
That might been yheard of any mon."

Again, the whole of Chaucer's landscapes is ringing with the notes of birds. The woods seem to him to be breaking to pieces with the shrill and joyous sound. He enters into the whole of their life. He sees them tripping



out of their bowers, rejoicing in the new day. He watches them pruning themselves, making themselves gay, and dancing and leaping on the spray, and singing loud their morning service to the May. He is lured into a trance by the ravishing sweetness of the nightingale, and in the trance he hears a battle royal between the nightingale and the cuckoo.

At another time he sees all the small fowls, as he calls them, clustering on the trees and of the season fain, and he cannot help translating their song for them. Some of them, delighted to escape the sophistries of the fowler employed against them all the winter, sing loudly, "The fowler we defy, and all his craft." Others, full of the summer, worship and praise love, and in their pleasure turn often upon the branches full of soft blossoms crying, "Blessed be St. Valentine." At another time, they wake him as he lies in bed through the noise and sweetness of their song, sitting on his chamber roof and on the tiles, and sing the most solemn service by note that ever man had heard. And some sang low and some high, but all of one accord. None of them fained to sing. Each of them pained herself to find out the merriest and craftiest notes, and not one of them spared her little throat.

They are the priests of Love in Chaucer, and they offer up the adoration of universal nature—"Nature the vicar of the Almighty Lord"—to God. At the end of the "Court of Love," all the birds meet to sing matins to Love. The poem itself is an allegorical paraphrase of the matins for Trinity Sunday and has been objected to as impious, but this would be impossible in so religious a mind as Chaucer's, and when he makes them sing their naive matins to the King of Love, he has the thought of Love as the law of God's government of the universe in his mind. Nothing can be fresher and more charming than the poem. The birds cluster round the desk in a temple shapen hawthorn-wise. Each of them takes part in the service. They praise the past season of May, and bid the flowers all hail at the

lectern. The goldfinch, fresh and gay, declares that Love has earth in governance; the wren begins to skip and dance with joy when she hears that pleasant tale; the throstle-cock sings so sweet a tune that Tubal himself (for Chaucer confuses him with Jubal), the first musician, could not equal; the peacock, the linnet take up the service, and the owl awaked starts out and blesses them: "What meaneth all this merry fare, quoth he;" the lark and kite join in; and last the cuckoo comes to thank God for the joyous May, but so heartily and so gladly that he bursts out into a fit of laughter, Chaucer's way of describing that reduplication of his note when he takes to flight, cuck-cuck-ooo. Having done, the Court of Love rushes out into the meadows to fetch flowers fresh, and branch and bloom, hawthorn garlands, blue and white; with these they pelt one another, flinging primroses and violets and gold, and the royal feast is over.

Once more, flowers form a part of the landscape of Chaucer. They were part of nearly all the mediæval landscapes of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and were sometimes painted with exquisite skill and tenderness. In some instances they had a definite religious significance. Roses, as in that wonderful trellised hedge of roses in Veronese's picture at Venice, symbolize the Virgin as the Rose of Sharon. Lilies, of course, represent purity. But when flowers and fruits are symbolical, they are generally placed in the hands or on the head of the saints, and do not properly form part of the landscape.

There is a very charming instance of their religious use in a picture of Benozzo Gozzoli in the National Gallery. St. Jerome and St. Francis kneel at the feet of the Virgin. A red rose-bush, full of flowers, has sprung out of the earth at the knees of St. Jerome, a clustered plant of the large white lily at the knees of St. Francis. The meadow is full of wild flowers; these two alone are flowers of culture, and they represent that the two saints offer to the Virgin her own qualities of love and

purity, and strive to imitate them in their lives.

Sometimes flowers enter the mediæval landscape as objects of mere pleasure, for the delight which the artist had in their colour, not with any distinct meaning. In the picture of the Battle of Sant' Egidio, in the National Gallery, Paulo Uccello has filled the whole middle distance with a hedge of red and white roses. At one end an orange-tree, laden with golden globes of fruit, rises beyond the hedge; at the other end is a pomegranate, breaking open its fruits with ripeness. The picture has been cited as a type of the neglect of the earth's beauty by reason of the passions of men. It may seem that to us, but Paulo Uccello, one is sure, had no such meaning. He brought in the roses and fruits as an ornamental background, and if he had any further thought it was that he wished to send Carlo Malatesta to his fate in the midst of the flowers and fruits among which he was pleased to sit in his garden when his guests were singing and dancing on the grass of his rosery.

But on the whole, the Tuscan or other Italian schools before Raphael do not take pleasure in cultivated flowers so much as in meadows and the common wild flowers. The grass is almost always the grass of Chaucer, soft and sweet and moist; the meadows are generally water meadows, and one either receives the impression of water being near at hand from the richness of the grass, or sees the river winding away in the distance. I take a few instances from the National Gallery of the treatment of meadow land and flowers by the earlier artists. They are all coincident in feeling with Chaucer's rapture in grass, and they illustrate his love of wild flowers.

Perugino's great St. Michael stands in a rich green mead, with one or two wild flowers; but Raphael, being the gentler angel and the angel of the earth, is walking with Tobit through an exquisite field where the grass is short, like smooth turf, and full of small and brilliant flowers of the field, blue, white, crimson, and gold, each growing sepa-

rately, like the trees in Chaucer's grove, in lovely order, so that, even in the open meadow, the impression of definite arrangement and culture is given, only it is not the culture of the garden, for the angel of the earth loves the fields.

Filippino Lippi, in our picture, places his saints in wild grass land, and the only flowers he admits are the commonest, such as the flowering nettle. Piero di Cosimo, in that strange picture of his of the Death of Procris, places the dying maiden in a deep meadow, starred all over with the large and small daisy, and the wild anemone. Two tall reed-grass clusters, with flowers, shoot up on either side of the group. Raphael's St. Catherine stands among marshy meadows, lush and soft, with scarcely any flowers, not one of the garden character.

It is curious that in all these there is pleasure, not in flowers by themselves, but in flowers and grass, and the flowers more for the sake of the grass than the grass for the flowers. Even in the "*Bacchus and Ariadne*," painted when the love of flowers had increased, and where one would think that Titian would have made nature lavish of her beauty, we have only the columbine, the great blue iris, which grows wild, the lupine, and the rude *equisetum*—the horse-grass which in our country springs up in rough moorland beside the pools. Marco Basaiti, another Venetian artist, whose landscape is not Venetian, but almost always laid among such scenes as one sees in travelling between Verona and Padua—terraced hills with castles and walls running down to the plain, stone-strewn fields, over which oxen are ploughing, a city in the distance, a few scattered trees, a rude well and clover meadows—gives all his strength to the clover, and almost omits the flowers in his foreground. In that picture of the Death of St. Peter Martyr, which Lady Eastlake has presented to the National Gallery, the carefulness and delight with which the clover-field and the woodland grass are painted are as remarkable as the absence of flowers.

When cultured flowers are introduced

it is either for ornament or religion's sake. There is a most enchanting little group of cut flowers in a glass, standing on a ledge, in a picture by Lorenzo di Credi. They are there purely for the sake of their beauty, but it is the only instance of this in the Gallery among the pictures of the fifteenth century. All the rest—I do not speak of trees such as the citron and pomegranate—with the omission of Paulo Uccello's picture, are devoted to grass and its flowers.

I have discussed this at length that we may come with more comprehension to the grassy landscape of Chaucer. It forms the greater part of all his natural description, and his delight in it is unbounded. The flowers he mentions, roses being excepted, are all grass flowers, or flowers of the wild hedges, woodbine, hawthorn, the *Agnus Castus*, the last a shrub of the verberna family, growing in marshy places to the height of five and ten feet. The crown of all is the daisy, the simplest and the commonest. The Queen of the Leaf, in the "Flower and the Leaf," comes in chaunting its praise—"Si douce est la Margarete."

His green mead, with flowers white, blue, yellow, and red, is exactly the meadow of the fifteenth-century art. As to the grass, he never can say enough about it, but it is never coarse. It is turf such as grows in mossy glades; it is small, and sweet, and soft. It is, again, so small, so thick, so short, so fresh of hue, "that most like unto grene wool, I wot, it was." It is often newly sprung, as in May. It is like velvet, it is embroidered with its own flowers. Nothing can compare with it when it shines like silver with the dew of morning; and of all its flowers the daisy, as I said, is the queen. The prologue of the "Legend of Good Women" is entirely taken up with the praises of this flower. It is true he impersonates his lady in the daisy, but the fine touches of observation, and the enthusiasm with which he speaks, mark his love of the flower itself. As the whole piece is characteristic, I give an abstract of it, using Chaucer's own words as much as possible. He begins by describing his delight in

books—and we must remember we have here the pleasures of his later years, for this poem is one of his last.

"In mine heart," he says, "I have books in such reverence that there is no game could make me leave them, save only when the month of May is come, and the birds begin to sing and the flowers to spring; then—farewell my book and my devotion!"

I cannot help quoting Wordsworth in comparison:—

"Books, 'tis a dull and endless strife,  
Come hear the woodland linnet;  
How sweet his music—on my life  
There's more of wisdom in it.  
And hark! how blithe the throstle sings,  
He too is no mean preacher;  
Come forth into the light of things,  
Let Nature be your teacher."

Chaucer goes on: "Of all the flowers in the mead I love most those flowers white and red, such as men call daisies in our town. When the May comes, no day dawneth but I am up and walking in the meadow to see this flower spreading in the sun when it riseth early in the morning. That blissful sight softeneth all my sorrow. So glad am I to do it reverence, for it is the flower of all flowers fulfilled of all virtue and honour, fair and fresh of hue, that I love it, and ever shall until my heart die. And when it is eve, I run quickly, as soon as ever the sun begin to west, to see this flower how it will go to rest for fear of night, so hateth it darkness." We see at once where Wordsworth borrowed his thoughts:—

"When smitten by the morning ray  
I see thee rise, alert and gay,  
Then, cheerful flower, my spirits play  
With kindred gladness:  
And when at dusk by dews oppressed  
Thou sink'st, the image of thy rest  
Hath often eased my pensive breast  
Of careful sadness."

Then Chaucer turns and identifies it with his lady, and after some lovely lines proceeds to describe the fire in his heart which drove him forth at the dawn to be at the resurrection of the daisy when it uncloses against the sun. He sets himself right down upon his knees to

greet it. Kneeling alway until it was unclosed upon the small, soft, sweet grass, soon "full softly he begins to sink," and leaning on his elbow and his side, settles himself to spend the whole day for nothing else but to look upon the daisy, or else the eye of day, as he prettily turns its name. When night falls he goes home and has his bed made in an arbour strewn with flowers. He dreams a dream, and sees the God of Love coming through a meadow, and "in his hande a queen." She is the incarnation of the daisy. Her habit is of green, and above the habit, which represents the leaves, rose the flower of her head, crowned with a crown of pearls, like the white petals of the flower, and in the midst a fret or band of gold, the cluster of yellow stamens. One compares this at once with Wordsworth's "A queen in crown of rubies drest." This is Chaucer's hymn of praise to the daisy, half in love of his lady, half in real honour of the flower. It is a charming picture of the simple and happy scholar, now verging into years; devoted all the winter to his books, but in the spring changing from the scholar to the poet—feeling still the secret of the May moving in the chambers of his blood, and dawn and evening worshipping the daisy.

Love of this flower is found again in England the moment the more natural school of poetry arose. In a certain degree it has always kept its place in poetry as the representative flower of the fields and hills; but when the fields and hills were little looked at in England for their own sake, the daisy drops out of our poetry as a direct subject for song. The allusions to it are many, but it is only when we get to Burns and Wordsworth—and Wordsworth, at least, drew the beginnings of his ardour for this flower from Chaucer—that the worship of this little fairy of the field begins again.

Wordsworth has consecrated three poems to its honour. In one he lets his busy fancy weave round it a web of similes, quaint and far-fetched, the lawful work of fancy, which is in poetry

what wit is in prose. In another the imagination, which is related to humour, follows the daisy from field to mountain side and forest brook, and marks its varied relations to sudden moods of human feeling. In another, he carries it into a higher but a less poetical region, dwelling on the concord of its daily life with that of humanity, and turning it into a moral lesson.

The poem of Burns is an elegy over the fate of one of these flowers done to death by his ploughshare. It is exquisitely tender, less loaded with thought than Wordsworth's poems, but coming home with more poetic intensity to the nature of the flower. Can anything be happier than this?

"Cauld blew the bitter-biting North  
Upon thy early humble birth,  
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth  
Amid the storm,  
Scarce reared above the parent earth  
Thy humble form.

\* \* \*  
There in the scanty mantle clad,<sup>1</sup>  
Thy snowy bosom sunward spread,  
Thou lift'st thy unassuming head  
In humble guise."

But Chaucer's delight in the daisy is more natural, less mixed up with reflection, more direct, and when he does mingle its image with that of Alcestris or of his wife, the two are more completely fused together by imagination than is the case with Wordsworth or Burns. The flower is first in Chaucer. In Wordsworth one thinks more of the thoughts than of the flower. In Burns we pity the flower, and its fate is woven in with the fate of luckless bard and artless maid. But Chaucer would not have considered the ruin which befell the daisy at the hands of Burns a fit subject for poetry. He would have shrunk from it as a sacrilege. Agricultural work on his meadows would have been abominable. They were to be kept soft, and smooth, and sweet, for poets, and knights, and ladies to walk on and to meditate. If daisies

<sup>1</sup> Compare Wordsworth's  
"A starveling in a scanty dress."

had to be destroyed by the plough, let the fact be ignored by the poet.

Mr. Ruskin, dwelling on this sentimental view of nature—looked on no longer with the eye of the farmer, for use, but with the eye of the gentleman, for beauty—thinks that the mediæval pleasure in flowers became connected with less definite gratitude to God for the produce of the earth.

This, at least, is not true of Chaucer. Through a great part of his descriptions there exhales an indefinite incense of reverence and thankfulness to God for the beauty of the fields. The religious

tone is marked. Even in the more humorous poems, such as the "Assembly of Foules," where Nature, the goddess, is enthroned on a hill enriched with grass and daisies, we are made to feel that Nature is of God, and that the beauty and perfection of the queen is not intrinsic but delegated beauty; and when the daisy is identified with his lady, the wife he loved so well, and made the mistress of all the flowers, we know from many an allusion, that in Chaucer's reverential thought the grace of his lady is derived from the grace of God.

## A DIPLOMATE ON THE FALL OF THE FIRST EMPIRE.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

THERE is much that is curious in comparing the France of 1871 with the France of 1814, the provocation with the revenge, the fall of the First Empire with the fall of the Second.

That instinct for memoir-writing which seems as inherent in the French as the spinning of cocoons in silkworms, is continually laying up boards for the web and woof of the future historian; who, indeed, becomes so bewildered as time goes on, that nothing but a judgmatal consumption, like the legendary one of the Alexandrian Library, can save the Callopie of the future from congestion of documents upon the brain.

Those who live to see the twentieth century will doubtless have the task of unravelling the webs that are, we may be sure, spinning for them all over Paris and the departments, while we have hardly yet come to the end of the store laid up for us under the First Napoleon.

Jacques Claude Beugnot, the son of a provincial advocate, born in 1761, and bred to the law, having survived the perils of the Reign of Terror, arrived—by a certain trustworthiness, coupled with pliability—at high office under Napoleon, and did not lose his position under the Restoration; he adhered to the Bourbons during the Hundred Days, continued in the Ministry till old age, when the dignity of a Peer of France was somewhat tardily bestowed to decorate his retirement and reward his services. He died in 1835, and selections from his papers were published in different French periodicals by his son, during the subsequent years. In 1868 these were collected by his grandson, Count Albert Beugnot, with the addition of other portions relating to the

Bourbons, which it had not been prudent to publish under Louis Philippe. The first edition sold off at Paris with almost unexampled rapidity, and was quickly followed by a second. According to St. Beuve, Beugnot was not a popular man; and by his own writing we should judge him to have been a cool-headed one, never committing himself too far, and always able to save his honour technically, and in his own estimation without doing himself much damage, when a warmer heart would have fallen into the scrapes he avoided.

But this clearness of judgment makes his gossiping records of the men and the times particularly interesting and valuable, dealing as he does with many of the most remarkable incidents of the thirty years between 1785 and 1815.

The most interesting years of his life were spent as President of the Council of Regency of the Grand Duchy of Berg, after Murat had been transferred to Spain. But we pass over these to relate his visit at Mayence, whither he was summoned to meet the Emperor during the armistice, after the first two battles of Lutzen and Bautzen. He says that he found the Emperor's mind as resolute and alert as ever; but he no longer conversed so unreservedly, and evidently thought he had a part to act. The first day he vaunted the full force of all his armies; and whenever he uttered some doubtful assertion, he looked full at his auditor to read the effect in his countenance. Thus, when boasting that he should soon have the most formidable cavalry in Europe, he detected some token of incredulity, and broke forth in the following angry fashion:—"You are," said he, "one of those pedants who always decide wrong. You repeat, after Frederick, that it takes



seven years to make a trooper, and I say that cavalry regiments can be made as fast as any other. Men are put on horseback, and there they sit; that is the whole secret. Look at my guards of honour: there is nothing like those young men for intelligence and intrepidity. They are an admirable cavalry. Have they taken seven years to form?"

There is something remarkable and melancholy in this tyrannical assertion of facts that in the secret soul were doubted, as if the will, once uttered, must establish them. The elder Napoleon has always seemed to me the least personally interesting of the great conquerors of the earth, the only one who had absolutely mean faults, and was emphatically no gentleman; but there are moments during this rapid descent from his summit of power, when it is impossible to deny him pity of a certain kind. As Beugnot says, he was so entirely incapable of expecting reverses, that they took him completely by surprise, and he wasted in storming at them the time he might have used in resistance.

Beugnot watched him with philosophical, half-pitying, half-admiring eyes, but at Mayence was a stern old Brutus out of the Convention, whose feelings were very different, even though he had held office under him. This was Jean-Bon-Saint-André, originally a Calvinist minister, who had embraced the spirit of the Revolution to the utmost. He had been sent out with Admiral de Villaret Joyeuse, to bring back corn from America during the great scarcity in France. The convoy was intercepted by the English fleet, and the admiral would have made off; but the sturdy Republican was too much of a Spartan, he insisted upon fighting, and "spared himself as little as the meanest of the sailors; and yet," says M. Beugnot, "the result was not different from any of the naval actions of the time." It would have been odd if it had been, when an admiral was coerced into fighting by an ex-Huguenot minister. However, enough of the convoy escaped to bring a most timely supply to France, and Jean-

Bon came home a hero, and worked as an active member of the Committee of Public Safety, but was exempted from its destruction, and, having survived all these changes, allowed himself to be employed by Napoleon, and was at this time Prefect of Mayence, where he showed himself a model of industry, uprightness, and classical simplicity. His study was furnished with nothing but a lamp, a desk made of four stout deal planks, and six wooden chairs, and here he often spent whole nights.

The city of Hanau had sent in a petition, on which Beugnot and Jean-Bon were desired to report. The old Republican had to make use of an expression of the Emperor's—put his whole conscience into elucidating the Hanau matter, and had drawn up so admirable a report that Beugnot wanted merely to express his approval. "Take care you do no such thing," said Jean-Bon, "if you take any interest in the town of Hanau, or rather in the triumph of justice. The Emperor would conclude, either that you have not thoroughly examined the business, or that we are playing into one another's hands like two card-sharpers. Rather let us settle a few points of difference, that we may debate with all our might in his presence, so as to fix his attention, and give him a chance of saying to himself, and perhaps to us, 'Poor creatures, what would become of you if I were not here to tell you what is right, and make you keep to it!'" So a few loopholes for censure were absolutely made in the report, that the Emperor might be satisfied with himself.

No glory nor association had overcome the Republican's hatred of Buonaparte, and the rest of the day was too characteristic to be told in any but Beugnot's own words:—

"The Council broke up about five o'clock, and while waiting for dinner the Emperor proposed a row on the Rhine, with a view of trying a pretty little boat which the Prince of Nassau had just presented to him. We went down from the Palace of the Teutonic Knights to the banks of the river, where the Prince was awaiting the Emperor.

"Without having addressed a positive invi-

tation to Jean-Bon and myself to go with him, he had expressed himself in such a way as to authorize us to do so. We followed the company, and got into the boat with the rest. The Emperor was accompanied by two aides-de-camp and a palace adjutant. Afterwards came the Prince of Nassau and a sort of naval officer in command of the crew, Jean-Bon and myself, and lastly the Mameluke in waiting. The Emperor's suite occupied one end of the boat, we the other. The Emperor remained in the middle with the Prince of Nassau, who was showing off the magnificent vine country that crowns the right bank of the Rhine, and has the Castle of Biberich in the midst. The Emperor seemed to give his whole attention to this scene, and was examining it with a telescope. He asked for information on the Castle of Biberich, and the Prince himself was giving it with a servile complaisance that was not to last much longer. Jean-Bon and myself kept as far from the Emperor as the length of the boat allowed; but that was not enough to prevent hearing what was said at both ends. While the Emperor, standing at one side and leaning over the water, appeared wrapped in contemplation, Jean-Bon said, and not so very low, 'What a strange position! the fate of the world depends on a kick more or less.' I shuddered all over, and only found strength to say, 'In God's name, keep quiet!' My friend took no notice of my entreaty or of my terror, and went on, 'Never mind! persons of resolution are rare.' I turned the conversation to save myself from the consequences of the dialogue, and the expedition was finished without his being able to resume it. We landed, and the Emperor's suite followed as he returned to his palace. As we went up the great staircase I was by the side of Jean-Bon, and the Emperor seven or eight steps above. The distance emboldened me, and I said to my companion, 'Do you know how terribly you frightened me?' 'Yes, indeed I do, and am surprised you found your legs to walk up; but be assured that we shall weep tears of blood because this day's expedition was not his last.' 'You are a madman.' 'And you an idiot, saving respect to your Excellency.'

"We came to the ante-room. Despatches had just arrived, so important that not a moment could be lost in opening them. The Emperor went into his study to read them, and the dinner was put back. The ante-room was full of chamberlains, aides-de-camp, orderly officers, and secretaries, distinguished by richer or plainer dresses of refined elegance. Those who wore them did them justice by the politeness of their manners, and a courtly language then beginning to be formed. The blot in the picture was the old member of the Convention, in the plainest possible prefect's uniform, and the rest of his clothes being black, even to the neckcloth. It seemed that he had more than once experienced the amiable witticisms of the gilded troop on this head, for on that day they

appeared to be taking up conversation interrupted the day before. M. Jean-Bon allowed these gentlemen to exhaust all the shafts in their gilded quivers, and then answered, with a coolness that added to the power of his words:

"I really am astonished that you are bold enough to attend to my dress and the colour of my stockings on the day I am to dine with the Emperor and Empress. You do not tell me all; you are shocked to see me asked to such a dinner, and the moment my back is turned you will say, 'Really it is past belief the Emperor should invite to dine with the Empress—the new Empress—a member of the Convention, a voter,<sup>1</sup> a colleague of Robespierre in the Committee of Public Safety, in whom you can smell a Jacobin a mile off.'"

"But really, Monsieur Jean-Bon, why should you put such nonsense into our mouths? We respect ourselves too much to ever allow ourselves . . ."

"Not at all, gentlemen. It is not nonsense, but fact! I confess it. Europe was then leagued together against France, as it is now. She wanted to crush us with all the moral and material forces of the old civilization. She had drawn a circle of iron around us. Valuable cities had already been betrayed to her. She made progress. Well, the kings were defied. We delivered our territory, and retorted upon them the war of invasion they had begun upon us; we took Belgium from them, and the left bank of the Rhine, which we have united to this very France which, at the commencement of the war, they had determined to dismember and divide. We have established our preponderance, and compelled these same kings to come humbly to us and sue for peace. Do you know what government obtained, or prepared, these results? A government composed of members of the Convention of mad Jacobins, with their *bonnets rouges*, coarse clothes, sabots, and nothing to live on but coarse bread and bad beer, and who, when spent with fatigue and watching, threw themselves on mattresses on the floor of the room where their meetings were held. These are the sort of men that saved France. I was one of them, gentlemen; and here, as well as in the Emperor's chamber, which I am going to enter, I glory in it."

"A general answer, 'There is no accounting for tastes; but while granting to the administration of the period the justice due to them on military matters, there are many of their actions that it is impossible to glory in. I protest against that expression; it is too strong.'"

"And I maintain it," replied Jean-Bon. 'Besides, wait a little while, Fortune is capricious. She has raised France very high. Sooner or later she may throw her down! Who knows? perhaps as low as in 1793. Then will be seen if she can be saved by any one'

<sup>1</sup> *Un votant*—equivalent to a regicide.

remedies, and what can be done for her by spangles, embroideries, and feathers, and especially white silk stockings."

This pitiless Republican died shortly after of typhus fever, contracted while taking the most indefatigable care of the hospitals which the defeated French armies had filled with infection. He seems to have carried out the classical model to a perfection attained by few of his countrymen, perhaps in consequence of the stern mould imposed on him by his Huguenot training. But what has become of the energy that produced such men? Is France like Athens after Demosthenes?

One more incident of this meeting at Mayence deserves mention. Napoleon, having few of his ministry about him, was employing Beugnot as his amanuensis, an exceedingly difficult office, as he dictated so fast that it was not possible to do more than jot down the main points and fill up afterwards. Beugnot was hurried and pre-occupied, and twice seated himself by mistake in the Emperor's chair, which was not different from the others. The first time Napoleon sharply called him to order, the second he gave him time to finish the sentence he was writing, and then said in a voice no longer severe, "So you are determined to sit in my seat; you have chosen a bad time for it." Strange, unconscious avowal to break from those stern, guarded lips, usually so full of self-assertion!

The uneasiness of the Emperor soon became manifested by his sending a sort of Japanese double to watch and share the administration in every office of State, and very troublesome and impeding was the effect during the brief remnant of the Empire. The next event at Düsseldorf was the arrival of multitudes of sick and wounded. One of the saddest effects of the battle of Leipzig was the immediate evacuation of all the French hospitals up to the banks of the Rhine. Thousands of patients from wounds and typhus had to be disposed of. Beugnot undertook to shelter 1,000. The first convoy announced contained 1,600, and neither

beds, dressings, nor medicines of any sort, were supplied. Happily for Beugnot, there was living at Brussels a Prussian, Dr. Abel, "of the school of the great Frederick," at whose Court he had lived some time. He anticipated the treatment of which we have lately heard, as if it were a recent discovery—that of placing the sick as much in the open air as possible. It was still fine weather, and the season a dry one, and the sick were placed by him in the courts of the Castle of Bensberg, and the garden of Benrath, and carefully classified, with arrangements made for being speedily carried into the rooms in cases of rain. The brave fellows at first thought they were turned out to die, and lamented piteously; but kindness and encouragement soon restored their spirits, and typhus disappeared at once, so that the deaths were far fewer in proportion than in any of the ordinary hospitals.

How like this is the experience of the admirable American ambulance at Paris!

The sick were soon followed by the retreating army itself, and Beugnot's next experience was of the destructive nature of the soldier. The thorough schoolboy spirit of doing mischief for its own sake is very little below the surface in man, and to save the public gardens at Düsseldorf, which Beugnot had greatly improved and adorned, from being destroyed by the retreating armies, was an object about which he is half-pathetic, half-satirical, on his own eagerness to save what he should never see again. The colonel who was bivouacking in these gardens was deaf to all entreaties to allow the men to be quartered in the town, and even insisted on cutting down the trees, because green wood gave more heat than the faggots that were offered to him, and the huts must be made of branches. Luckily, General Damas came to the rescue, and, after a conversation with the colonel, advised Beugnot to send in twice as much wood as could be wanted, and all the canvas in the town. A bottle of wine was also distributed to

each man, and Damas and Beugnot walking round in the evening heard very complimentary jokes being cracked as to the tall Imperial Minister who had used them so well.

The day after they passed on came General Rigaud and his division, announcing that he was only forty-eight hours ahead of the enemy. He asked for no wood, but for a contribution of four millions to be raised in twenty-four hours. Here Beugnot trusted to the short time. He supplied a good dinner and plenty of wine, and entirely refused the contribution. He was well abused, but the general had to march the next morning, and Beugnot, who had made all his preparations, followed closely, leaving his servants with orders to prepare a good dinner for the Russian commander who was expected the next day. The Cabinet of Berg transferred itself to Aix-la-Chapelle, where the Emperor desired Beugnot to go to Macdonald's headquarters, to confer on the requisites for the army assembling under his orders. Macdonald could only smile with bitter irony, saying, "Would you like to see a review of my army? It will not take long; as to the men, it consists of myself, whom you see before you, and of my Chief of the Staff, General Grundler, who will be here presently; and as for materials, they at present consist of four straw-bottomed chairs and a deal table. I write every day to Paris to say that it is a mere jest to call what you see Marshal Macdonald's army; I loudly demand a real army, for I am far from sharing the general opinion that the enemy will not cross the Rhine. It is enough for me to see the direction he gives his troops, and that they are going to pursue, even into the depth of winter, to convince me that the Rhine itself is not the conclusion of their march; and upon my word, if the Emperor has only such armies as mine to oppose to them, the enemy will scarcely stop till they reach Paris. This," added the Marshal, "is what you and all of us must tell the Emperor, for the danger is extreme, and the time for boasting is gone by." "I

gave an account," Beugnot adds, "of my visit, without repeating the naked truth, but I insisted on the necessity of forwarding troops to the Rhine.

"Without repeating *the naked truth*." Is not this, said as the merest matter of course, the key to half the miseries of France?

In actual conversation with the Emperor, his way of putting the fact was this:—

"I do not know the exact number of men that compose the army of Marshal Macdonald; he was complaining of the delay of troops in joining him, and was very impatient when I left him."

"You give me no answer. I know very well that you could not count his men; you are not an inspecting officer of reviews; but did not Macdonald inform you in conversation what force he had got together?"

"I fear, Sire, that at present it is only a very small number."

"You fear? I do not ask you what you fear; either you do not know the truth, or are afraid to tell it; at least, have you seen on your road, bodies of men and single soldiers hastening to the Rhine?"

"I met a battalion of the 18th coming out of Ghent, four detachments of the old Dutch Guard, and single men to the number of a hundred and fifty or two hundred."

And the Emperor remained in a pitiable state of perplexity. He next appointed Beugnot to the prefecture of Lille—a service so much beneath that of Imperial Minister that it was a very bitter pill, and was forced down most Napoleonically.

"What is this? The Minister of Home Affairs says that you will not go to Lille."

"I am always ready to obey the Emperor; but perhaps he may himself feel that after having done me the favour to appoint me his minister at Düsseldorf, and having given me the uniform and style, I cannot very well again be employed as Prefect. Conclusions would be drawn from it of a disturbance and disorder in his affairs; that is, happily, very different from the case."

"Indeed, I hope so; but I do not understand you. Anyone willing to serve me must serve where it is convenient. I do not know if you have been minister or not; I have no time to consider it; but if I sent you anywhere as sub-prefect, your duty would be to go."

"No doubt, Sire; so it is only in the interest of your authority that I venture to allow myself to make an observation. I think that a man who has filled a considerable post is less fit than any other to fill an inferior one, because he comes to it with a sort of appearance of disgrace; for, in a word——"

"In fact I am in haste ——. You must go to Lille. I am told that Duplantier is killing himself in my service. That is no good to him, nor to me either. There is much to do there. This department of the North is one of the gates of France. You have ten places to provision, and the National Guard to set on foot. The National Guards of that department are excellent; the inhabitants, who are really brave, want to be stimulated. Have as little trafficking as you can; do the work by yourself and your own people. You shall not want for money. You will have enough to do; but the country is rich. Raise what is necessary, nothing more."

"The Emperor may reckon on my zeal. It would be increased, if possible, by the confidence that he deigns to show me; but may I be permitted to ask him under what title I am to present myself in the department of the North?"

"In truth, Monsieur Beugnot, you rather exceed——"

"I ask the Emperor's pardon a thousand times."

"A fine moment to talk about titles! Present yourself as prefect, as minister, as emperor if you dare, only do what I want. How can you take up my time with such follies, when my head is distracted from morning to night? Your Macdonald prevents nothing, stops nothing. Clouds of Cossacks are devastating the departments of the Rhine. I have to arrange for defence at all points, and with what? And at such a time I put one of the keys of France into your

pocket, and you come and talk to me about titles. That is the sort of thing to do when there is nothing better on hand. All the world tells me you are a man of sense. You do not show it."

"Perhaps the fault is the Emperor's."

"Ah!"

"Why has he elevated me beyond my capacity?"

"Very good. Start this evening, or to-morrow morning at latest. You will correspond with my ministers. If you have anything of importance or that is serious to inform me of, you may write to me direct. I give you authority. Adieu, Count Beugnot. I wish you a pleasant journey."

This is the last personal glimpse of the great Napoleon. Beugnot took the control of affairs at Lille, and soon had another experience showing how like the French of a past day are to the French of our own. Never, according to letters received from Paris, did France meet with a reverse. One colleague, of whose statements Beugnot kept notes, made the recruits amount to 180,000 men, and even the battles of Brienne and La Rothière failed to bring conviction.

Lille was threatened with a siege, and was victualled by the French troops much after the fashion in which Tillietudlem was provided for by the dragoons.

"Detachments came in, driving herds of cattle before them, sheep, and especially cows with calves, about which the superior officers were very choice. The soldiers, not to be behindhand, carried fowls hung from their firelocks. No more had butter or salt provisions been neglected. All had been carried off with singular barbarity. They might have done as much harm in a conquered country; but assuredly they could not have done worse. And the most disgusting thing about it was, that these beasts had no sooner entered the city than they became a kind of current coin. The generals used them as payment for their tradesmen, the officers to pay their tavern bills; and when Beugnot remonstrated, the answer was that it was all right. The essential point was that

the beasts should be in the town; after that it mattered very little into whose hands they passed, as they could always be found again in case of need."

Whether they would have been found does not appear, for the siege did not take place, and, ere long, Beugnot found it time to make his way to Paris, where Talleyrand immediately named him provisional Minister of the Interior. In this capacity he had to hear the lamentable complaints of the devastated departments.

"It is too true," he says, "that the enemy left acts of barbarity unheard of in modern war along their track. The greatest reproach in this respect was due to the troops of the powers of the Confederation of the Rhine, who had long followed our standards; while their plea that they had been taught the art of devastation in our school was only an additional insult. I had been in the rear of the victorious French army after the day of Jena; and though some excitement was then caused by the Emperor's bulletins and general orders, exhibiting personal resentment against the House of Prussia, the soldiers did not make any bad use of the right of power against the disarmed populations. Victory does not make France fierce and pitiless; her natural inclination to mirth and kindness is developed by it. The guard-room has its wit, and the bivouac its humour; and even there, on close

observation, may be found the light and cheerful nation laughing at everything, even danger, and making a joke of everything, even in victory. From such a soldier may heroism be expected—not barbarity; it is not in his nature." But he adds that from the general distress must be excepted the course followed by the army of the Duke of Wellington in the south. "As this general had taken the course of paying ready money for everything, in solid gold, he had attracted such a quantity of provisions to his line of march, that, even with the extraordinary consumption occasioned by his passing, food declined in price."

Such a testimony is too pleasant to our national feelings to be omitted, and with this we conclude, though we could spend many more pages over the etiquettes and the difficulties attending the return of Louis XVIII., and the ins and outs of the Cabinet. The result we carry away is, that in those days there was something like a solid stratum beneath the chaos of disintegrated materials. Everyone, whether Republican, Buonapartist, or Royalist, had something to rally round, and knew it. Has the last half-century broken up even this lower foundation, and left nothing but a whirlpool to settle down when the force of agitation is over?



THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COMMON LAW.<sup>1</sup>

BY ALBERT V. DICEY.

AN English reader of French or German finds it easier to master the details of Roman jurisprudence than to ascertain the steps by which the legal institutions of his own country assumed their present form. The explanation of this fact is, that English lawyers, just because they have generally studied no law but their own, have found it difficult either to understand its historical development, or to bring clearly before their minds the exact problems which it presents for solution. As you cannot comprehend the grammar of your own language if you are ignorant of every other tongue, so the student of English law can hardly understand the growth of English law for want of acquaintance with any other legal system with which to compare it. The study of Roman law, as Mr. Bryce has well remarked, will enable English lawyers to criticise the terms, conception, and progress of their own law, "from an independent point of view," and the attention now directed to the laws of Rome will have the apparently paradoxical, but really natural effect of directing attention to the many curious problems presented by the development of English law.

The inquiry which it is the object of this essay to propose for consideration, is, How is it that English law has given birth to two different legal schemes, that is, common law and equity, administered by two different and, in some respects, antagonistic courts? To put the same inquiry into another shape, How has it

happened that the ordinary law courts have not themselves embodied in their system those improvements in, or modifications of, the law known as "equity"?

The question is directly suggested by even the most superficial survey of Roman legal institutions. Both at Rome and in England you can watch the growth of "equitable" law, and a comparison of Roman and English history shows what the essential nature of equity is, and how it comes into existence. If a law is, by means of direct legislation, superseded by a new and presumably better rule, nobody calls the new principle a rule of equity or justice, since it is, like the law it abrogates or supersedes, simply the law. But if a judge indirectly does away with the effect of an existing law by giving effect to some principle of justice, which in reality abrogates the existing rule of law, but in form leaves it standing, then everyone is conscious of the contrast between the old law which nominally exists, and the new judge-made equitable law or equity. A recent Act, for example, enables a married woman to sue and be sued. No one talks of the new statute as "equity," since it is as much the law as was the former state of things which it superseded. But suppose that the common law judges had resolved to disallow the plea that the plaintiff to an action was a *feme covert*, and thus had in effect, though not in so many words, done away with the principle prohibiting her from suing at law, there would then have existed a formal rule of law, making it impossible for a married woman to sue, and a practice of the courts enabling her to do so. The former would still have been considered "law;" the latter would be styled "equity." And this

<sup>1</sup> "The Academical Study of the Civil Law. An Inaugural Lecture delivered at Oxford, Feb. 25, 1871. By James Bryce, D.C.L., Regius Professor of Civil Law in the University of Oxford." Macmillan and Co.—"Institutionen," von C. F. Puchta. Leipzig: Breitkopf und Härtel. "Reeves' History of English Law." Reeves and Turner.

would have been still more certainly the case if the judges, instead of directly disallowing the plea that the plaintiff was married, had, by use of a fiction, assumed that every woman who brought an action was unmarried, and forbidden the fiction to be questioned.

So far, therefore, as concerns the nature and origin of "equity," Roman and English law throw light upon one another. Equity is seen to be, in its most general form, nothing but new, and generally more just principles introduced by the courts, so as nominally to leave the existing law in force, but really to repeal it. But though the annals of Rome explain the real character of "equity," they also raise the question now under consideration, that is, Why did not our ordinary courts follow the path marked out by the *prætor*, and themselves introduce those alterations which have in England been effected by Chancery, and have ultimately resulted in the distinct system of equity?

The progress of equity at Rome, and the contrast it presents to the development of English law, cannot be more neatly expressed than in the following passage, taken in a curtailed shape from the works of Mr. Austin:—

"If the *prætor* gave a right unknown to the *jus civile*, he did not give that right explicitly and directly. He declared through the medium of his general edict that he, the *prætor*, would give [any person] an action, or would entertain an action if he thought fit to bring it. If the *prætor* abolished the rule, which was parcel of the *jus civile*, he did not abolish it explicitly. He declared, through the medium of his general edict, he would permit the defendant to defeat the plaintiff's action by demurrer or plea. . . . This obscure and absurd mode of abrogating law has been pursued by our own chancellors. Where a common law rule is superseded by a rule of equity, it is left to appearance untouched; but if any attempt is made to enforce it by action, the plaintiff is restrained by the chancellor from pursuing his empty

right. The only difference between the cases arises from this:—In Rome there was no distinct tribunal affecting to administer a distinct system of law under the name of equity, consequently the equitable defence was submitted to the *prætor* himself, or to the very tribunal before which the action was brought. In England there is a distinct court affecting to administer a distinct system of law under the name of equity; consequently, the action is brought before one court, and the defence, in the shape of a suit, is submitted to another. . . . In England the mess of complication and absurdity is somewhat thicker than it was in ancient Rome."

The difference therefore is, or at any rate at first sight seems to be, this:—In each case a system of equity, that is of judge-made improvements, was introduced by the courts. At Rome the great common-law judge (for this is the nearest description one can give, in English terms, of the *prætor*) himself moulded the law so as to adapt its action to the views of justice or expediency which from time to time approved themselves to public opinion. In England the judges remained, or are supposed to have remained, the administrators or representatives of strict law, and are thought to have left the introduction of equitable modifications to the hands of an independent and hostile tribunal. Few persons, further, can doubt that if law is to be changed by means of judicial legislation, the course of things at Rome was simpler, more beneficial, and, in that sense, more natural, than the course pursued in England. The question, therefore, is in effect, Why was it that our Bench did not adopt the policy of the *prætor*, and expand the common law till it met the requirements of modern society?

The first answer is, That in matter of fact the earlier judges, and some of their later successors, modified the law, much in the same way in which the *jus civile* was altered by the *prætors*.

No doubt this is a fact which has been forgotten by the public, who are accustomed only to the regular and staid

administration of modern justice, and which has been concealed by the language of eminent judges. "I have been in this profession," says Lord Kenyon, "more than forty years, and have practised both in courts of law and equity; and if it had fallen to my lot to form a system of jurisprudence, whether or not I should have thought it advisable to establish two different courts with different jurisdiction, and governed by different rules, it is not necessary to say. But, influenced as I am, by certain prejudices that have become inveterate with those who comply with the systems they have found established, I find that in these courts, proceeding by different rules, a certain combined system of jurisprudence has been framed most beneficial to the people of this country, and which, I hope, I may be indulged in supposing has never yet been equalled in any other country on earth.

. . . . . It is my wish and my comfort to stand *super antiquas vias*: I cannot legislate; but, by my industry, I can discover what my predecessors have done, and will servilely follow in their footsteps." This expression of self-satisfied conservatism, which contains a sneer at the genius of Lord Mansfield, expresses pretty much what is popularly conceived to have been the permanent attitude of the common-law judges, and does, as a matter of fact, roughly, though with some exaggeration, express the feelings which animated the Bench at the beginning of this century; but nothing can be a greater anachronism than to suppose that the feelings and habits of 1810 represent the sentiments and practices of the Bench at other periods. It is mere matter of history that common-law judges in other ages have not acquiesced in the existence of two legal systems, have not been careful to stand on the beaten paths, and have not hesitated in effect to legislate,—generally, it must be added, with great benefit to the public.

A glance at the salient features of English history establishes the truth of this assertion.

Our legal as well as our constitutional  
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arrangements may be roughly said to have settled down into their permanent form in the reign of Edward I. At that period there already existed a technical, formal, and rigid system of law. The maxim for instance prevailed that *qui cadit a syllabâ cadit a totâ causâ*, or, in other words, that an action might be lost by the merest slip in pleading. In this respect the condition of affairs was like the state of matters at Rome, when only the old forms of action were allowed, of which we are told that they gradually came into general discredit, because the subtlety of the older lawyers had brought matters to such a pass that a party who erred in the least tittle was liable to lose his cause. Moreover, as again in Rome, so in England, the forms of the law were not sufficiently plastic to afford protection for all the rights which, as society advanced, had gradually obtained recognition. An examination of the older forms of action is of itself sufficient to prove that at the accession of Edward I., and probably before this date, there must have been felt a want of legal remedies sufficient to meet the needs of the time. For the older actions show that the protection of land, and of personal freedom, together with the enforcement of certain definite forms of contract, was all that the law courts undertook to achieve. At a time when the normal contract was a deed or bond, construed, it may be added, in the strictest manner, it is obvious that many of the transactions of mercantile life must have failed to receive due legal protection. Indeed, it is a plausible conjecture, that the extent to which the dealings between traders or merchants must have been protected in the time of which we are speaking, can only be accounted for by supposing that the authority of guilds, of corporations, and possibly of the Council, supplied the protection at later times given by the law courts. The want, at any rate, of sufficient legal remedies is apparent from the celebrated provision of a statute of this reign, that "whosoever it shall fortune in the Chancery that in one case a writ is found and in the like case (*in*

*consimili casu*), falling under like law and requiring like remedy, is found none, the clerks of the Chancery shall agree in making a [new] writ;" since this enactment, on which depends all that vast class of actions known to English law as actions "on the case," is, when stripped of its legal phraseology, nothing less than a vigorous attempt to amend the law by allowing new actions wherever it was desirable to recognize new rights.

Not merely did there exist a want of legal remedies, but obsolete ideas or superstitions opposed great difficulties to the due administration of justice. A defendant's right, for example, to wage his law, was in effect the right of any rogue to escape from his obligations if he chose to add perjury to breach of faith.

Nor was the formality, rigidity, and antiquated character of the law the sole matter which needed reform. The courts were greatly hampered, and this is a matter which deserves considerable attention, in putting into force the powers which in a certain sense they possessed. They were, for example, much restricted at common law as regards the extent of their jurisdiction. Thus they could not originally give compensation for the breach of a contract or a wrong committed out of England, or even within the Duchy of Chester. A more serious defect was the want of adequate means for compelling the appearance of a defendant. The only strictly legal resource was, in most cases, to take his goods in pledge until he saw fit to appear; and there was no lawful means of arresting him or forcing him to give bail. Nor were the means for executing a judgment at all satisfactory.

The task therefore imposed on the judges was to expand the existing system, so as to afford protection for new rights not recognized by it, to get rid of obsolete customs which hampered the administration of justice, and to extend the jurisdiction whilst rendering more effective the procedure of the courts. In each of these directions they accomplished a great deal. They did not, it is true, provide new rights

of action, nor give anything like the full effect to the statutory permission to issue new writs; but they did, though in a roundabout way, afford recognition to new rights. It appeared, for example, very doubtful whether contracts, not under seal, could in general be enforced, at any rate when they did not result in a distinct debt. The courts, however, acting in part under the authority of the statute, so extended the old action of trespass as to make it a means for recovering damages for the breach of contracts not under seal. In attaining this result they made considerable use of what were in fact merely legal fictions. But no conception can be formed of the boldness with which fiction might after all be employed by any one who has not studied in detail the curious mass of arbitrary assumptions on which were based the actions of trover and of ejectment. In the one case, the plaintiff was supposed to have lost goods which he never lost, and the defendant to have found goods which he never found. In the second, a fictitious plaintiff brought an action for a purely imaginary trespass against a fictitious defendant. But in each case under this mass of fictions lay hidden a substantial improvement. The plaintiff who brought trover, instead of the older action of detinue, for the conversion of his goods, avoided the risk of losing his cause through the defendant's readiness to tender his oath. Ejectment, though artificial enough in appearance, was an easy mode of deciding the right to the possession of land, without going through all the difficulties of a "real" action. It may indeed be said generally that the actions elaborated by the ingenuity of the judges had always one and often several of the following recommendations:—They either made it possible to enforce a new right not before recognized in the law courts, or made it impossible for the defendant to wage his law; or, lastly, were of such a form as to give the courts the power of compelling the defendant to appear. Our main point, however, is not the advan-

tages of the procedure invented by the judges, but the fact that they did covertly give new actions, or in effect introduce "equity." If their labours did not attain the result achieved by the judicial legislation of the *prætor*, they were, in the long run, by no means ineffective. There is, for example, no better established rule of common law than the principle that a *chase in action* cannot be assigned, or that if X is indebted to A, A cannot transfer to B the right to sue X. The judges have never over-ridden this maxim, but in the course of time they have greatly diminished its force,—first, by allowing B to sue in A's name, and secondly by permitting the custom of merchants to control the precepts of law. Indeed the great, though gradual triumph of the "equity of the common law," has been by the use of assumptions, which are mainly fictitious, to give such an immense weight to custom, that is, to the practice of common and especially of mercantile life, that all the complicated and artificial contracts which inevitably arise in a highly civilized and trading community can be dealt with by the common-law courts in accordance with common-law procedure.

The jurisdiction of the courts, again, extended, as has been pointed out, over a limited area. Here an absurd fiction was employed as a remedy for a patent defect. The courts had not the power to entertain complaints arising out of transactions which had taken place abroad, but they had the power, and used it, to pretend that a contract made or wrong committed abroad had in reality been made or committed in England. Hence, down to modern times, a person injured, say at Minorca, alleged that the wrong had been done "at Minorca, to wit, at London, in the parish of St. Mary-le-Bow, in the Ward of Cheap," and thus brought the case within the jurisdiction. A jurist may smile at this childish fiction, but no one can deny that it remedied a great practical evil, and that the magistrates who originally invented or made use of it were by no means disposed servilely to follow in the steps of their predecessors.

It would, indeed, be perfectly easy to show—at the cost, however, of entering into minutiae which, if told briefly, would be incomprehensible, and if narrated at length would be tedious, to a lay reader—that under the cover of fictions the common-law bench have from time to time introduced considerable equitable innovations. They, like the *prætor*, occasionally allowed pleas, *e.g.* that of duress, unknown to the common law; they, like the Roman magistrate, occasionally enforced perfectly new rights, as when a surety was first allowed to sue his creditor for the money which he had been forced to pay on the creditor's behalf; they further, again like their Roman predecessor, often greatly modified the course of procedure, as when, in comparatively modern times, they began to give new trials with reference to the merits of the case, and thus affected the whole working of trial by jury. The judges, lastly, showed an energy peculiarly their own, to which, for several reasons, special attention should be paid, in extending the jurisdiction of their respective courts. The King's Bench, by the use of one fiction, viz. that the defendant had committed a trespass, drew to itself questions of contract, over which by law the Common Pleas alone had jurisdiction. The Common Pleas attempted to rival the advantages of the King's Bench by an invention of its own; whilst the Court of Exchequer, on the pretence that the plaintiff in an action was hindered by the act of the plaintiff from paying debts due to the Crown, drew within its sphere the whole mass of ordinary actions with which the Court was not intended to have any concern.

So far, therefore, have the judges been from avoiding innovations, that an inquiry naturally arises as to what were the motives which made them at some periods such active innovators.

It will be found that the older judges were led to effect reforms, and especially to extend the jurisdiction and powers of their courts by the weight of two influences which, though each of a different kind, have ceased to exert the same force on their modern successors.

The judges of England have, it must be remembered, been at all times men of eminence and of considerably more than average talent. It may further be plausibly conjectured that in the earlier periods of our history, the amount of talent and energy devoted to the study of the law was relatively greater than in modern times, for the simple reason that the progress of civilization tends to increase the number of careers open to educated men. Add also to this, that in ages in which science either did not exist as a pursuit, or was very imperfectly developed, the amount of interest felt in legal studies was probably greater than that which could be experienced in an age when men can devote themselves to scientific pursuits. If, further, it be remembered that the arrangements of the English bar have tended to allow men to rise to judicial eminence because rather of their general reputation than of very special legal knowledge, it will be seen that to a slight extent in England, as to a much greater extent at Rome, men could come to occupy high judicial positions who combined in a peculiar way the great advantage of professional training with the equally great if not still greater advantage, of sharing the sentiments and opinions of laymen. A body like the English bar therefore, headed by such men as the judges, would be impelled to legal reform by somewhat the same motives, though acting with much less strength, as those which at one period forced all the best talent of Rome to the pursuit of jurisprudence. It was, moreover, during many centuries, in fact, in one sense, down to quite modern times, certain that modifications in the law must be introduced, if at all, by the action of the courts rather than by direct legislation. For whoever realizes what a Parliament really was under the Plantagenets or the Tudors, will see that it was scarcely fitted, if indeed any Parliament ever was fitted, to carry out legislative reforms.

If one motive which influenced the Bench was the rational desire to effect improvements, another influence to which little attention has been paid

produced very considerable effects. The energy with which the courts strove to extend their jurisdiction has been referred to. A very slight study of legal annals shows that, on the one hand, the Chancellor perpetually attempted to encroach on the jurisdiction of the Bench, whilst the law courts with equal vigour attempted at once to repel the inroads of the Chancellor, and to invade each other's respective provinces. What was the source of this energy? The answer is, a desire for fees. The court depended, to a great extent, for support on fees. Increase of jurisdiction meant increase of business, and increase of business meant increase of income. The competition, in short, between the courts was a competition for business, and governed by the same principles as the competition between rival trading firms. The vendors of public justice were, like other tradesmen, influenced by the twofold wish to receive high payments and to obtain an extensive custom. A student of Hale's Tracts will conclude that the King's Bench gained an advantage over competitors by adhering to the maxim of "small gains and frequent," or, in other words, by making its process comparatively cheap and effective; whilst the Common Pleas, overburdened with useless officials and expensive forms, though occasionally extorting large sums out of the rare customers of the court, gradually ruined trade. This language sounds strange to modern ears, but is not stronger than the terms employed by Hale. He describes the "scrambling and scuffling among protonotaries, each striving to get as many attorneys as he can to his mill;" and says distinctly of the Common Pleas, "There are certain unreasonable practices used in that court, which doth not only exceedingly prejudice the people, but gives every court in Westminster advantage of them, and serves no other purpose but to swell the attorney's bill, and at present helps to fill their protonotary's pocket, and reimburse with advantage the purchase of his place." The last words are suggestive, and point to one of



the modes at least in which the magistrate on the bench might feel a personal interest in the increase of fees. Indeed, the whole subject of the ancient system of payment by fees suggests several inquiries. Is it, for instance, a simple accident that the law courts would be found most active in inventing fictions by which to give new remedies at those exact times when the Chancellor seemed to be about to encroach on the sphere of the common law, or, in other words, to draw away the business of the courts? Can it, again, be a simple accident that both payment by fees and the disposition of the judges to undertake any new jurisdiction has each ceased? Payment by fees is after all payment by results, and it is certainly a curious inquiry whether one of our courts would, as now, get through about half of the business achieved by each of the other two if its members depended, say, for a third of their salaries, on fees paid in proportion to the amount of work done?

Whatever may be the answer to some of these questions, there is, it may be conceived, no doubt that the common-law judges have, in accordance with very strong and very natural motives, been the introducers at different times of many equitable improvements. Indeed it may be fairly said that half at least of the best and most satisfactory part of our law is the work of their judicial activity. But the moment that this is perceived, the question, as originally stated, arises again, though under a different form. Why is it that the Bench went so far and went no further? Why did judges who were so capable of introducing equity not introduce into the common law the improvements which in the face, more or less, of their opposition have been introduced by Chancery?

The inquiry is one which barely admits of a single brief answer, since the course of English law has been the product of the joint action of several different forces. Still it is possible to afford a reply which, though to some extent resting on conjecture, affords a more or less satisfactory solution of the problem.

In order to understand the causes which limited the action of judicial re-

form, it is necessary to note briefly what were the boundaries within which the equitable innovations of the bench were confined.

No common-law judge ever in so many words gave a new right of action. The law courts again, though in effect altering the existing law,—as, for example, when introducing the system of recoveries,—never openly, we may perhaps say never consciously, undertook to legislate. They were also unable to modify what may be called the fundamental scheme of the system which they administered. Every action, for example, ultimately depended on the writ. Its whole course was essentially determined by the pleadings, and the pleadings themselves were to a great extent the result of trial by jury, an institution with which the judges had neither the power nor the will to tamper. How rigidly in some respects the principles of the common law have, even down to modern times, been maintained, may be shown by two examples intelligible even to lay readers. A married woman, were it not for the intervention of courts of Chancery and the provisions of the recent statute, would still hardly possess a single enforceable right over her property. This is the more curious as the judges have from time to time shown a wish to modify the harshness of the law, and have strained and rendered inconsistent the whole law of agency in order to enable married women to provide themselves with the necessaries of life at their husbands' expense. It would, again, appear a mere dictate of common sense that, if X owes A £20 and A owes X £15, X should, when sued by A, be allowed to balance or set off £15 due from A against three-quarters of the sum due to A. This seems a matter of procedure, and strictly within the competence of the courts; nevertheless, this right of set-off is a right dependent on statute, the theory of the law being that A must bring an action and recover £20 from X, and X bring another action and recover £15 from A.

The judges have further gradually suffered to become obsolete powers which might have been used so as to expand

the sphere of the common law. At a very early period the suggestion was made that the liberal use of the power to allow actions on the case might have made the intervention of Chancery altogether unnecessary. Modern English magistrates exhibit an intense disinclination to pronounce any judgment on hypothetical cases; whilst men like Coke or Holt frequently made one case an opportunity for indirectly deciding a whole host of questions not necessary for the determination of the matter immediately in hand.

It may indeed be roughly laid down that the common-law courts developed the common law to the very utmost limits consistent with keeping even in appearance within the principles of the established system, but showed either want of will or want of power to break through any of its boundaries.

If this statement of the facts be substantially correct, the causes of the phenomenon may be brought under two heads.

The first, and what may be termed the internal reason, why the judges were not able successfully to imitate the *prætors* in gradually fusing law and equity, is to be found in the highly developed character of the scheme of law with which they had to deal. No one can see without some surprise how artificial, rigid, and complex English legal arrangements had become, certainly as early as the reign of Edward I. Yet a very slight inspection of the statutes of that time will convince the inquirer that legal reformers, whether judges or legislators, were called upon to modify institutions far more complicated, and of a far tougher texture than the civil law which *prætors* bent into conformity with rules of justice. The rigidity, moreover, of the existing system was intensified by an alteration which may have developed so gradually as to have aroused little notice, even while it was being effected. This change was the transition from oral to written pleadings. As long as each party stated his case in court by word of mouth, before the facts were submitted to a jury, great power of moulding the law was

left in the hands of the judges, who settled the pleadings and dealt with them in substantially the same way in which the *prætor* handled the formula. The oral discussion of the plaintiff's claim and the defendant's answer, moreover, made the strict technical rules innocuous, since if either party made an error, he could, as may be seen from reports of early pleadings, amend, retract, or alter his statements. Indeed, even the most technical of pleading rules were probably originally nothing more than thoroughly sensible regulations instituted for the fair conduct of a discussion by word of mouth. When, however, the statement of the case on each side took the shape of formal written documents, drawn up by the parties or their advocates, then the control of the court over the pleadings must have ceased, and have ceased exactly at the time when technical rules, devised with the view to an oral disputation, became harmful subtleties, through their transference to a written system of pleadings, and required to be modified by the controlling hand of the magistrate.

Add to all this, that the system of trial by jury, whatever its merits, and they are very considerable, is one which will always be found inapplicable to the adjustment of the complex claims and counter-claims which, as civilization advances, require the intervention of the law, and that its success supposes the existence of an average of intelligence among ordinary citizens, higher than can always be found even among the inhabitants of modern England. Yet to this system the common-law judges were tied down, whilst at the same time they were hampered by a want which even now restrains the beneficial action of the common-law courts. This is the need of a satisfactory and sufficient body of subordinate officials. They suffered also from a defect which their successors hardly feel. They had by no means perfect control over the officials whose duty it was to carry their judgments into execution.

At this point, however, we touch on the second, or what may be termed the external reason which led the judges,

though much against their will, to leave the modification of the law mainly to courts of equity.

The reason is to be found in the original relation of the law courts to the executive government,—a matter the due examination of which will supply a solution to most of the enigmas of early English law.

The English law courts were offshoots or branches of the original *Aula Regia*. One of their greatest merits is, that they so rapidly became courts and ceased to be departments of the administrative government; but this, which is in one point of view their strongest, is in another their weakest side. As the courts assumed the judicial and lost an administrative character, they ceased on the one hand to be parts of the sovereign power, and on the other to exercise direct control over the administrative machinery of government. This separation of the courts from the government was probably unforeseen, as may be inferred from the fact that in the statute before referred to the right of issuing new writs, that is, of giving new actions, is given not to the judges, but to the clerks in Chancery; whilst other circumstances also suggest the conclusion that the separation between the courts and the Chancery was in the time of Edward I. by no means as marked as it soon afterwards became. On the other hand, the king, the council, the chancery, though distinguishable between themselves, long remained in substance different forms of the sovereign power. The three expressions each represent the executive administration or government. In the king, in the council, and in the chancellor, who more than any other official represents both the king and the council, remained what may be called the reserved or undefined powers of the Crown—powers which each succeeding century has lessened, but which originally far outbalance the definite authority possessed by single bodies, such as the Parliament or the law courts. To put the same thing in other words, the Chancellor was originally, as he is still, both a legal

functionary and a member of the government; but originally he was what he is not now,—a principal member of the administration, and his legal and judicial characters were so far from being disconnected that his action as a judge was in early times a mere result of his position as a member of the government. The king, or the chancellor as specially representing him, had in his hands whatever executive power—sometimes feeble enough—a mediæval government possessed, and could therefore often render far more effectual justice than could the ordinary judges; and it is a very plausible conjecture, of the truth of which we entertain very little doubt, that the intervention of the Chancellor was originally in effect the intervention of the executive government, and was justified on the ground either that the king must supply justice when the regular tribunals failed to do so from the technicalities of law; or, and this was even a more cogent reason, that the government must enforce law in cases in which the law courts were powerless to give effect to their decisions.

The Chancellor's character as a member of the executive, has, to a certain extent, escaped the notice of modern writers, since they see that the Chancellor at the present time administers a system of law as fixed and as technical as that which governs the common-law courts; that he has done so for ages past; and that many of the sneers directed at the arbitrary character of equity rest upon a total misconception of what such expressions as "equity," "the conscience of the court," and so forth, really mean; but to transfer to the older chancellors ideas derived from the proceedings of the modern Court of Chancery is to commit one of those anachronisms into which persons who study law solely as lawyers are peculiarly liable to fall. Such students would find it a useful corrective to the errors to which they are prone, to examine the chapters which Mr. Spence has devoted to that very curious topic, the obsolete jurisdiction of the Court of Chancery; they will then perceive that the Chan-

cellor, or, to use modern terms, the law officer of the executive government, constantly intervenes in cases of outrage and spoliation, of obstructions to the course of the law, of corruption among the ministers of justice, and generally in all cases in which the common-law courts lacked power to render effective justice. Let anyone, again, who doubts what was the original, and what may be called the natural character of the equity administered by Chancery, turn to the same author's account of the way in which, in the reign of Elizabeth and her immediate successors, the chancellors undertook to supplement the action of law, and so enforce by the power of the court the performance of strictly moral duties. When we find that Lord Chancellor Hatton exhorts a plaintiff to be dutiful to his uncle, that in various cases one of the parties is ordered to beg pardon of the other in open court or elsewhere, that a chancellor makes the ground of his decision the "holy conscience of the Queen,"—and the bearing of the term is explained by a Lord Keeper receiving from Her Majesty private instructions as to the decision of a cause,—we perceive both how close was the connection between the original equitable jurisdiction of Chancery and the sovereign powers of the Crown, and how easily so called equity might at one time have become a mere mask under which the arbitrary will of the sovereign might override the decision of the courts.

In the curious way in which one institution reacts upon another the intervention of Chancery increased the fixity and rigidity of the common law. Much may be justly said in censure of the conservatism displayed by the common-law judges when they are compared with the *prætors*. But it must be remembered that the courts had at one period to resist a peculiar peril. The judges, as already shown, were compelled, from their disconnection with the executive power, to allow the intervention of an official closely connected with the Crown. The Chancellor, in

virtue of this very connection, no doubt, introduced in many cases rules more flexible, more conformable to justice, and more fair than those of the common law. But the chancellors also exhibited a tendency, the nature of which may be fully appreciated by anyone who reflects upon the close connection between the council, the chancery, and the Star Chamber, to substitute the will of the sovereign for the government of law. This tendency the judges were bound to resist, and did resist, on the whole with great success; but in carrying on this contest with arbitrary power they intensified the narrowness and technicality of the common law, and to a great extent gave up the effort to mould it into a more just and equitable shape. When, at a later age, a great jurist like Lord Mansfield attempted, in the true spirit of the best Roman magistrates, to expand the boundaries of the legal system over which he presided, his efforts, though they achieved more than is generally supposed, yet to a certain extent failed of their object, simply because the time had nearly arrived when indirect judicial legislation had of necessity to be superseded by the operation of direct legislative enactment.

To the inquiry, therefore, why in England the two systems of law and equity have developed side by side, the reply is in its most summary form as follows:—The common-law judges did at one period, under the influence of very strong motives, modify the rules of the common law. These motives ceased to operate, and judicial reforms ceased with them. The judges did not, however, at any period act with anything like the vigour of Roman magistrates, and the ground of their inactivity in improving the law will be found ultimately to depend upon the fact, that the courts were at a singularly early period disconnected from the government, and, partly from powerlessness and partly from other causes, were compelled to leave the introduction of equity to an official standing in very close relation to the Crown.

## MARIE OF VILLEFRANCHE.

BY MISS CROSS.

## CHAPTER I.

It was a cold, snowy day when I went to see Marie: the villagers had their heads tied up in brilliant-coloured handkerchiefs, contrasting pleasantly with the white snow, and they shuffled quickly over their errands in their clanking sabots. There was a good deal of talk and laughter among them, but all the faces looked pinched and cold.

"Where did Marie la Veuve live?" I asked. All knew, and all were willing to show me the way, for "Marie was the village favourite," as one of the gossips explained to me: "she kept a silent tongue in her head; had been a good daughter, sister, and wife; was helpful to those in trouble, and joyful with those who rejoiced; but things were going badly with Marie, since the birth of her fatherless child, and there was no hope of peace, and these *coquins de Prussiens* were eating up the land."

When I entered Marie's room, she was lying on her bed, white and still, with a little swaddled bundle beside her. "This is my baby," she whispered, setting upright the little stiff image. The baby opened its dark eyes, and looked at me with that entire want of speculation in its gaze common to its kind. Marie said no more, but her face was as speaking in interest as her child's was vacant; she took my hand, and held it in both of hers. There was not silence in the room, however, for beside the bed stood the voluble little mother-in-law, telling me all the symptoms; how there was no milk for the little one, how feverish the mother was, what sleepless nights, what exhausting days. "The doctor says it is because there is trouble on the mind. Of course there is trouble, with the husband dead, shot down before the eyes of his brother, on the heights above Sedan, on

that fatal day of August 31st; of course there is trouble, with nothing to eat, and all the little savings going; is it not all true, *ma mère*?" And the little old woman turned for corroboration to a bent figure sitting at the farther corner of the room, stretching out lean long fingers towards the glow from the little stove. "Yes, yes," murmured this other, "it is the war, famine, and fever that have done it all. I have just this and that," taking up the hem of her dress and petticoat, "just this and that, all gone; and then the smell of powder and blood!"

"Never mind her," said the other to me apologetically; "her mind is gone, but she is Marie's mother, and in her day was the belle of the village: she married well, and had a farm of her own, plenty of linen, and three great *lits montés*. Marie was not the only child; there was another, a boy, humpbacked, and of weak intellect, who showed no love for any one but Marie, and her whole life was devoted to him until he died. My son never laughed at him as the other village lads did, but would spend long hours in amusing him, and the boy was never stubborn or wilful with Jacques. And then Marie married my son, and all the village said she might have done better, but a man who is gentle with children is sure to be gentle with women, and a son who is thoughtful for his mother is likely to make a good husband; and so I told Marie: and to Jacques I said, 'Never leave off asking her until you get her;' and in the end he did win her. And now he has died fighting for his country, and I am proud and satisfied, though I am not happy." The brave little woman paused here to lift the corner of her apron to the dim old eyes.

All this time Marie lay back upon her pillow, tearless and still. She was

not a strikingly pretty woman, but there was a supplicating sadness in her large, dark eyes, softly veiled by black lashes, and there was a wealth of sweetness and tenderness about the full, slightly compressed lips, that lent to her whole face a strange, fascinating interest.

Had this sweet, silent woman, I wondered, drifted unknowingly into matrimony—was it “juxtaposition in fine?” or was it that deep, sensitive gratitude that grows so near akin to love in a woman’s heart?

Jacques had not ridiculed the idiot boy, and she, so loving to her brother, and too young to sound the depths of such a sacrifice, had given herself to Jacques for recompense. And now trouble had come, and she had been near to death, and, as the woman said, all the little savings had gone. The case was bad, but Marie was not so downcast as I had expected; perhaps she had at this moment forgotten much that she had suffered; perhaps, also, she was experiencing a great and undefined relief. What if there should dawn a new life for her, with health, and her child?—a life without dreads, or suppressed wearinesses, or smothered incompatibilities. “If only I could live!” said the speaking eyes. So, at least, I read her story. Otherwise it might almost seem strange that she should wish for life, with nothing to look forward to but widowed loneliness. She and I had hardly uttered a word together, but, as she held my hand in hers, I felt arising between us a sudden sympathy that springs up between two people, recognizing a spontaneous trust that needs no outward expression.

The door was now opened softly to admit a German soldier, one of those *coquins de Prussiens*, carrying an armful of small cut logs of wood. I had noticed him, as I came in, chopping them up in front of the door. He gave me a military salute as he passed on tiptoe to the little stove, where he began to replenish the dying flame, moving about silently and softly. There stood a little saucepan of milk on the hearth, which the women were neglecting; he

moved it to a little distance from the fire, and, stirring it, saved it from being burnt. He then opened a cupboard, and drew out a little packet of corn-flour which I had sent to Marie the previous day. “Ah! I had forgotten,” cried *la belle mère*, quickly drying her eyes; “she ought to have had that an hour ago. Go and get some water from the well, Heinrich, while I mix some in a cup.” Heinrich reached her a cup and spoon from a shelf, and passed out as quietly as he had come in. He was a powerfully built man, with a great head, set rather clumsily on square upright shoulders; there was a gentle dignity in his manners, and a good resolute expression in his deep, grey eyes. One felt he was the reposeful element in that little household; the women had taken the part of requisitioning the enemy, and making full use of his kindly helpfulness, while he, the strong one, was being bullied, because of his strength, by the weak ones.

“Do you not think there is danger,” whispered *la belle mère*, as she accompanied me to the door, “having that great Prussian in the house, with Marie so young?”

“What do you mean?” I asked, astonished.

“I don’t say that he is not all that is *convenable*, and Marie is entirely engrossed with her baby; *mais après?* How long is it to last? I ask myself. When are these Germans to be sent away? Marie is a good woman, and he a good man, notwithstanding that he is our enemy. He has, too, such a way of doing things for me before I ask him, seeming to divine all we want. My Jacques was always willing, but not forethoughtful as this one is. I have nothing to complain of in Marie’s conduct; she scolds him, and he never answers her back, and she sends him about and he always goes. *Mais après?* In my day it was an impossible thing for a young man and woman to live together without falling in love, but the young are more reasonable now—at least, Marie, I know, is reasonable; she and Jacques were very different from me



and my man. Whoever would have thought that I should grow to be an old woman, living on all alone?"

"I don't think you need anticipate anything," I said; "Marie's baby is her great interest."

"If only he were like the rest of them, cruel and exacting, I should feel easier, and could complain," she muttered to herself, as she re-entered the cottage.

## CHAPTER II.

On the following day I journeyed to a neighbouring town, to pay a visit to an ambulance in which I had nursed during the troubled times that followed the capitulation of Sedan, and I almost forgot Marie's little household, in the interest of renewing old acquaintances. As I arrived at the door of the well-known sombre-looking house, a young man hobbled up to me, and, seizing my hand, shook it heartily.

"Don't you know me?" he asked; "I am the one out of the five amputated that survived in that crowded little room. Look here; what a splendid support I have got." He went on displaying a clean wooden stump, strapped on to his shattered limb. "And this, too," pointing to a decoration on his breast—"yes, I can hold up my head proudly among all these Prussian dogs, for I fought wildly for France, but to what use is it? What has come of it? We are betrayed first by our Emperor, then by our generals; and even our women cringe and snigger to these loafing barbarians. Few Frenchmen can, like me, hold up their heads, and feel satisfied they have done their utmost for their country." And off stumped my quondam patient, followed by a little troop of *gamin* admirers.

"The wind is tempered to the shorn lamb," thought I, as I watched the poor maimed lad limping about so gaily.

I found things in a progressive state inside the walls; the French came up to me, voluble and hearty, recognizing in me a friend whose

pocket might possibly be filled with tobacco and cigars, if not the bearer of important news from the outer world. The Germans were silently dignified, and gloomily hopeless about their own recovery. "Could I write a brief poem to a distant lady love?" "No." "Well, would I ask the doctor to prevail upon the cook to make some stronger soup?" "Yes, I would do that." "Had I by chance a cold sausage in my pocket?" "No; could I do anything else?" I inquired. "Yes, Madame might make some."

Some weeks after my return home from my visit, I went again to see Marie; I had heard she had been getting on well, and I found her up, and much better, with a new and brighter expression on her face. Her mother had just been discussing the advisability of retiring to bed; she had tired of her coffee roasting, and knitting, and the afternoon was gloomy and cold. I helped the tottering old woman into an inner room, where, in a sort of berth hollowed into the wall, she lay down and soon fell asleep. While I was with her, the German Heinrich came in, and went straight up to Marie. "Why don't you tell her? You can trust her, and she might help us." I knew he meant me. "Speak, Marie," he went on, bending over her his great head, with the strong, short-cropped hair. He was all-powerful; Marie would have done anything for him, and he knew it, and she knew that he knew it; and yet he was pleading and tender, and gentler than she was. Her eyes had fallen under his gaze, and her lips pressed themselves together; she had struck pettishly the great big hand that enclosed hers. It is only the strong and the great who are gentle; it is the weak who strike out cruelly and recklessly to save themselves from falling. I came out from the inner room, and sat down in the old mother's chair, on the other side of the fire. Heinrich came and stood before me, erect and resolute. "Madame," he began, "I love this Frenchwoman, Marie, of Villefranche, and I wish to

marry her; but if we made our intentions known in the village, either she or I would be torn in pieces by the people, for at this hour there is no love lost between the despoiled and the despoilers. In loving Marie I do not forget my country, nor does she renounce hers. I only find that love, when it comes, triumphs over all other feelings and considerations. Could you not speak to the *curé* for us, and get him to marry us privately?" "But," I interrupted, "surely it is too short a time since the death of Marie's husband." "I have been in the house for months, and have to-day received marching orders," he put in. "And he has been everything to me, and done everything for me, and I cannot bear it any longer," added Marie, in her low, passionate voice. Then the big man knelt down, and kissed and stroked the pale hands that held with effort her baby's weight.

On my way home that evening, I called at the *curé's* house. I gave my name, and he came shuffling along the little garden walk, with sabots pulled over his shoes, so as to open the gate to me himself. We bowed and scraped to one another, and remarked on the depth of the snow as we made our way to his sanctum. In the centre of the room stood a writing-table, covered with greasy-looking volumes, thin letter-paper, ink, and sand; there was an open fire-place, filled with ashes, and two logs placed ready for lighting. The *curé* immediately stooped down and lit a match (though I protested), and the room was soon lighted with the sparkling flames. On the mantelshelf stood small dusty images of the Madonna and the Crucifixion, balanced by a pipe and tobacco pouch; a cupboard happened to be half open, and on its shelves were ranged flasks of various sauces and spices, and mouldy old bottles of sealed wines. He motioned me to a chair, and drew a little mat in front of it for my feet; and with his snuff-box in his hand, and his head meekly bowed down, he listened to my tale. It was a difficult story to tell, and I stuttered and stammered

over it, but the priest was all attention. "That is all very right," he said, in a reassuring way; "there are much more complicated cases than that in the village. And so you think they should marry," he went on, lifting his sleepy eyes to mine.

"Yes, indeed I do, and any little expense Marie may incur I shall most gladly——"

"Of course, I understand," he interrupted, waving his hand in a deprecating way. "Poor Jacques, he could neither read nor write, but, as he said, that did not prevent him from serving his country. Well, we will try and arrange matters in a quiet way some time soon, and in the meanwhile Marie and this German must keep quiet and bide their time."

And then I rose, and he, bowing low, put on his sabots again, and accompanied me to the garden-gate.

On the following day I called again at Marie's cottage; she expected me, and had put the little coffee-pot on the stove, and had sent Heinrich out to get some new bread for me, talking of everything but the one subject nearest to her heart. She was looking charming, and was making a great effort to be energetic. I was being warmed by her hot coffee, and we were waiting for Heinrich and the bread, when the outer door opened, and a great gust of cold wind swept through the narrow passage. Marie was holding a saucepan over the fire; the pan shook and trembled, and I feared for the fate of the milk as Marie turned her eyes, so full of lustrous light, to the door. I was feeling a little shut out, and aggrieved about the probable loss of the milk destined for my cup, as I noticed Marie's distraction, when—thud thud, came along the passage, and—thud-thud, echoed through the room. As I looked at her, I saw that suddenly the love-lit eyes waned and paled, and from her clenched white lips came an agonized shriek. She staggered forward, and fell into her husband's arms.

"Marie, mignonne, c'est moi, regarde ton Jacques," and he tried to lift up the blanched face to his. "Ah! it was you who saved me," he went on, turning

and recognizing me. "How much I owe to you! Figure to yourself, my Marie, a party of five were brought from the field; all had to undergo amputation, and I alone survived the surgeon's knife. I thought it was all up with me, when I fell pierced by two balls, and with those riderless horses careering over me, and knew nothing more until I woke to find myself in an ambulance without my leg; and now I walk with my head as high as any of those *scélérats de Prussiens*."

I looked round bewildered, and saw Heinrich in the doorway; he stood like one petrified, holding the loaf of bread listlessly in his hand; his face and form seemed to shrink, and all strength appeared to have left him; he gave one despairing look at the bent head crowned with its glistening braids of black hair, and silently quitted the room.

I laid Marie upon her bed, and watched beside it for many miserable hours, while she passed out of one fainting fit into another. It was a totally different home-coming to what poor Jacques had anticipated; he had meant it to be a triumphal entry—an unexpected, unalloyed pleasure—instead of which it had only been a scene of consternation and distress. He found, however, a hearty welcome from all his neighbours, who, when Marie got better, came flocking in to express their congratulations.

I returned home that evening with a very heavy heart: on the road I met Heinrich. "I am going to try and get other quarters inside the town," he said to me as I came up to him. We walked together side by side, sadly and silently. A party of Prussian officers came riding joyously along the road; they were returning from scouring the country, on the pretence of an alarm from Frances-Tireurs. All were noisy, ruddy, and full of life: they looked curiously at my companion as he returned their military salute. Why should a conquering German look so downcast? they seemed to say. A little further on came rattling at full speed the Feld-post, bristling with soldiers and bayonets, each cart driven by a sullen, scared-looking French

peasant. As we passed them, the men called out friendly greetings to Heinrich, but he did not raise his bent head, as with long absent strides he waded through the snow. As we passed through the gates leading into the town, with all the bustle and confusion round us, he began abruptly to talk aloud his inmost thoughts.

"And how my mother will grieve for me!" he said. "I have written to her from time to time, telling her about my love for Marie, and she has so well understood—she has all a man's chivalry for women. At first she wrote, 'Do not give your heart to a Frenchwoman, my son,' but in her last letter she said, 'When the war is over, and if your life is spared, bring Marie with her babe and the two old women to our valley of the Wisperthal; the house is roomy, and with us there will be peace and plenty, and we shall together forget all that has been,'—and now," he went on, flinging up his arms, "it is all like some wild dream that is passed. You are tired," he said, looking down at me with his kindly penetrating eyes, "but you will sleep to-night and get rest, while I—I—my life now will be one long restless night, when waking I find her not."

"You are a soldier; you can fight," I said, feeling more pity for Marie.

"Yes, I can do that," he said, laughing hoarsely.

Some days afterwards I was in the doorway of a house opposite to that of Jacques, when my attention was attracted to a little crowd collected round his open door.

Two Uhlans had come riding down the street, and stopped to join Heinrich, who was mounting his horse and bidding farewell to his hosts. Jacques held out his hand and gave Heinrich a kindly shake, for the wounded Frenchman could afford to be polite to his enemy; the old mother had come tottering into the light, and, while shading her eyes with her hand, was giving a long earnest look at the departing guest. The bustling little mother-in-law was calling out her last farewell to Heinrich, who, though he was one of the detested invaders,

had proved himself a helpful and kindly inmate. Marie was standing with her baby in her arms at an upper window; she was full in the light, not partly hidden, as a girl might be, looking her last on the man she loves. She was gazing down with her Madonna face, full of a high purpose and a calm serenity: the war within her had been sharp and fierce, but the struggle was over, and she had accepted her fate as God had willed it. She had come forward into the window to bring peace and encouragement to Heinrich.

There was a divine tranquillity about her whole bearing that struck him as he glanced up with a sad disturbed face into the calm above him; he looked again, long and earnestly, and the shadow of a great grief seemed to pass away, and the drawn, hollow lines about his face softened into repose. She, out of the depths of her despair, had taught him that hard life lesson, "*que la liberté est l'obéissance volontaire.*" We are not sent into the world to rest in the haven of a great love, to seek and win our individual happiness; love comes, as spring comes, to renew all life, to cover the hard, cold earth with softness and sweetness, to bring the tender buds to blossoming perfection, to fill the clear air with fragrance and light. What if the spring passes? is there not the long summer of twilight and peace? Marie had loved, and her love had made her stronger and better: she had suffered, and the suffering had raised and purified her whole nature; she was going to "live the life," not as she had planned it for herself, but as fate had decreed it. The beauty of renunciation shone out of her clear eyes, and in the majesty of her figure there breathed the restful calm that follows upon the tumult of a storm subdued.

"They are not men, they are machines!" exclaimed a young girl scornfully, as she moved away from the little group at the door. She had threaded a red ribbon through her ebon hair, and had lifted up her bright eyes laughingly to look into Heinrich's face; he was adjusting his long, glittering

lance in the stirrup at the time, and had either not noticed her glance, or had gazed at her vacantly with his dim, grief-ful eyes.

I stood and looked after the three figures, sitting square and upright on their powerful horses. As they passed out from the village street on to the straight highway, bordered with stately trees, whose frozen branches, entwining with one another, formed a trellised arch in long perspective, one heard the clank of the horses' hoofs far up the road. The scene as I saw it, with the shadows of evening softening all harsh outlines, seemed like some dream-picture, bathed in the rose and amber light of a waning sun; there was no joyous rippling sound of running water, all the fountains were frozen dumb, thin clouds of vapoury mist wreathed slowly up into the air from above the rough-hewn crosses that bordered the roadside, marking the resting-place of those killed fighting for their fatherland. Heinrich turned to give one last look, and then the three horsemen passed out of sight.

Jacques crossed the street, and caught sight of Marie at the window. She smiled, and held up the laughing baby. Jacques' face became radiant, as he stood leaning on his crutches, watching the mother and child, and then limped quickly back again into the house. Then Marie leant out for a moment, her whole face involuntarily changing as she looked for the last time into the misty distance, beginning perhaps to realize with something like despair the level dulness of her future daily life—it was a passionate farewell look—a helpless, wistful gaze; she was young and eager, with throbbing pulses and an aching heart, that revolted against the woman's relentless will. The child looked up into the altered face, its gleeful crowing changed to a little weak scared cry; Marie started back, and, bending her head low over her baby, hushed its wailing sobs. And in the fading light I saw the indistinct outlines of Jacques' good-humoured, meaningless face: he put his hand lightly on Marie's shoulder, and drew her into the room:

he shut the window, and began to trim the evening lamp with his deft hands. And from behind the lamp I saw Marie's grand figure passing to and fro, as she hushed her child to sleep: there was silence in the room, and in the blessed stillness I knew that she would gain strength and calm—that peaceful calm that steals its way into a woman's soul, when she holds in her firm arms the sacred burden of a sleeping child.

#### CONCLUSION.

WHEN the snow had melted, and the tender blades of grass had sprung out from the brown mould in the fields and hedges, and small buds had dotted the slender shoots of the trees, I went to bid farewell to the villagers of Villefranche. It may be in the coming years I shall see them again in times of peace and plenty, when war is no longer devastating the rich gardens of the Ardennes, and fever and famine are passed away as a tale that is told. But never can I forget France as she appeared to me then, "beautiful amid her woes," her proud spirit unbroken, her faith in her old prestige unshaken, her children silently suffering in her cause: how bright, how patient, how proudly uncompaining they were; how soft, how winning, how warm-hearted; what quick sensibilities, what flashes of keen humour, what dignity and grace. Are the French indeed so callous and frivolous?—these earnest, devoted husbands, these tender, helpful wives, supporting with their united, unwearied efforts large families of bright-eyed children? What a rich study were the faces of the old men and women! Life had not slipped idly past them; their old age was stored with rich memories. We wept for their sufferings, but no tears came from their eyes; they suffered in silence, waiting and hoping it was but a black cloud passing over the blue breadth of their sky,—it would break and disperse, and France would appear from behind it brighter,

greater, more glorious than before. So thought the simple peasants as they faced starvation in their ruined homes.

I found Marie's old mother sitting spinning outside the door, in the chequered sunlight. "And so you too are going, and Heinrich has gone: nothing is left,—*c'est la guerre, c'est la guerre.*"

Within, Jacques was seated at a table, having a writing lesson; Marie stood at his elbow, guiding his pen.

"It is never too late to mend," said Jacques, as he rose to give me his chair. "I ought to know how to write: I ought to have written to Marie when I was away. She has told me all. I do not blame her; the fault was mine."

I put into his hand a letter that I had just received from an unknown correspondent, announcing the death of Heinrich, who had been shot at Orleans. When he was dying he asked his doctor to write me a few lines: "he wishes you to know that he is at rest, Marie, and that his last prayer was for happiness for you and Jacques."

Marie wept as she read the letter. Jacques drew her close to him, and sheltered the tear-stained face. "Marie," he said gently, "I suffer such pain, such constant gnawing pain, that I sometimes wish I too had been killed outright."

Marie quickly raised her head; the hot tears ceased to flow.

"No, dear Jacques; no, it is much better as it is."

She supported him to a couch, and, sitting down beside him, held his thin suffering hand in hers.

"When you touch me, Marie, the pain seems to pass away from me."

"I am so glad," she whispered, bending over him her wistful, smiling face.

I went out softly, I bade them no farewell; but as I left, I, too, like Heinrich, prayed that Marie and Jacques might be happy, with such happiness as God gives to those who do not question, nor struggle against destiny, but work and wait, earning that long rest which is the end of life.

MR. WHYMPE'S "SCRAMBLES AMONGST THE ALPS."<sup>1</sup>

BY LESLIE STEPHEN.

FEW Alpine travellers, I suppose, forget their first sight of the Matterhorn. I well remember for my own part how, as I was toiling up the hot valley of Zermatt one summer afternoon, the great mountain, till then unknown, suddenly started from behind a corner; and how I sat down in utter amazement upon an inviting hummock of turf, and gazed at its wondrous cliffs till the pain inflicted by certain red ants, who showed a brutal indifference to the view, overbalanced my sense of natural sublimity. For some years afterwards that remained a sacred spot, on which incense of a certain kind was regularly burnt to the great idol of mountaineers. An improvement in the road has swept away the hummock and the ants, and some change has passed over the mountain itself; but whether recent events have added to or detracted from its romance, the Matterhorn will always remain unique in its terrible majesty. Mr. Whymper prefaces the volume of which I am about to say a few words, with the rather discouraging remark that "the most minute Alpine descriptions of the greatest writers do nothing more than convey impressions that are entirely erroneous." If by "erroneous" is meant simply "inferior," the statement is of course correct; if Mr. Whymper means that it would be rash even for a great genius to attempt to describe so stupendous an object as the Matterhorn, there is much to be said for his opinion; yet even an ordinary writer, if he cannot paint the Matterhorn in words, can give more or less adequate expression

to the emotions which it excited in his breast. At any rate, it may safely be said of the Matterhorn that, even in old times, there was something ominous and ghastly about its crags. Perhaps one had something of that feeling which is said to prevail amongst the dwellers in earthquake regions—a sense of insecurity from the apparent inversion of the natural order of things. When the solid earth rocks, or when a mountain rends itself into such strange shapes, the mental faculties seem to undergo a sudden wrench; our most trusted assumptions give way, and we feel an awe analogous to that produced by the dread of the supernatural. Indeed, I have heard a sensitive lady declare that she could not sleep in a room from the windows of which the Matterhorn was visible: she fancied it in dreams to be a monstrous pale phantom of the heights just ready to stalk slowly down the valley. My own imagination is not so poetical; and as everybody must have a comparison good or bad, I will admit I can never look at the Matterhorn from the Swiss side without thinking of a diabolical cock of superhuman size crowing defiance to the world. The great pyramidal mass stands for the cock's head and neck, whilst the delicate snow-curve above the Zmutt glacier (one of the most exquisite designs in this or any other mountain) fairly represents the bird's tail. There, at any rate, when I knew him first, the Matterhorn proudly threw back his shoulders and contemptuously challenged all comers to a trial of strength. Looking at the mountain with our present knowledge, it is hard to fancy that a change has not taken place in it, as well as in

<sup>1</sup> "Scrambles amongst the Alps, 1860-69." By E. Whymper. London: John Murray. 1871.



us. The long ridge which runs down to the Hörnli appears to have become less steep, whilst the terrible cliffs above the Zmütt glacier have gathered additional gloom. The first has now the outward appearance of accessibility, because we know it to be accessible in fact; whilst the others have acquired a more painful association than any in the whole range of the Alps. The challenge has been accepted, and the mountain defeated; but it has taken a terrible revenge on its conquerors; and some of us will never look again at the torn glacier which lies at the foot of the fatal precipice, and descends in massive avalanches to the lower reaches of the Zmütt, without a sense of sadness that mars the exquisite beauty of the scenery. There fell Michel Croz, one of the best and bravest of guides, and Charles Hudson, as simple and noble a character as ever carried out the precepts of muscular Christianity without talking its cant. The stern and savage scenery in which they and their companions met their fate has a melancholy voice for mountaineers.

Mr. Whymper, the only traveller who survived, has now told the story of that accident, and of the adventures which preceded it. Alpine literature, it is probable, has rather palled upon the world at large. Whatever merits were possessed by the records of climbing, considered simply as a sport, were not of a kind to be very enduring; and Mr. Whymper's book may perhaps come a little too late for the popular interest in the subject. It has, however, two merits which may raise it above the ordinary level of such records. The first of these is its artistic beauty. In the passage already noticed, Mr. Whymper goes on to say that his pencil may possibly do what his pen cannot. The proposition might be disputed in its strictest sense. Woodcuts are no more capable than letter-press of conveying to those who have not been eye-witnesses of its wonders the true magic of Alpine scenery. But whatever can be done by woodcuts—and more, as I believe, than has ever before been done by them—

is successfully accomplished by Mr. Whymper. Nobody can tell without some experience what it feels like to crouch under a rocky ledge, and see huge masses of rock hurled in every direction down the flanks of the hill, whizzing like cannon-balls close to your head, shivering themselves to atoms like bursting bombs, and making the whole mountain quiver under the crashing thunder of their fall; or to lie at midnight on the bleak ridge, thousands of feet above the valley, and watch the great battlements of the mountain wall glaring out capriciously in the flashes of lightning, or standing black and grim above the storm at your feet; or, still less, to catch an inverted glimpse of peaks and snowfields bounding suddenly upwards, as you descend a steep snow-slope by a rapid and unpremeditated header through the air. Neither can all of us realize the process of creeping across a snow bridge suspended over the fathomless depths of a blue crevasse, or springing over the yawning chasm cut deeply through the knife-edge of crumbling rock, which forms the only available retreat to civilization. Nay, there are some people who will be puzzled by the view along the narrow backbone of the Mont Blanc range, where one side seems to have been carved out smooth and vertical by the sweep of some monstrous hatchet; nor even, though the least ambitious travellers may see the view, will any but the experienced traveller really decipher the meaning of the marks which represent the huge rocks of the Matterhorn rising majestically above the Théodule, barred and streaked by a few clinging patches of snow. Even in the least ambitious of these scenes, the observer must add something from his own stores. The wonders of the Alps cannot be put down in black and white on a page of 5 inches by 7. Still, Mr. Whymper has done all that can be done by such means. To mountaineers, who can interpret what is at best a kind of shorthand writing by the help of their own recollections, the illustrations will be thoroughly delightful and satisfactory,

whilst even the cynical in such matters may gather some hints which, let us hope, will serve to make them in future more indulgent to the lunatics of the Alpine club. The illustrations, in short, are really beautiful, and may attract those who have acquired the bad habit of pooh-poohing all mere narratives of mountain adventure.

Upon this topic, however, I cannot linger. Mr. Whymper has another merit upon which I must dwell at a little greater length. There is, in short, a certain dramatic unity about the book. If it had been turned into verse, for which, to say the truth, it is not particularly well fitted, it might have been called the "Matterhorniad." From the beginning to the catastrophe the great peak looms before us, and the awful conclusion, which we know to be approaching, gives a certain seriousness to the narrative. The work is not, as I have said, precisely poetical, and indeed it differs from similar productions chiefly by a certain dogged and business-like tone by which it is pervaded. Mr. Whymper seldom indulges himself in the time-honoured facetiousness of Alpine climbers; he sternly represses any tendencies—supposing him to feel any—towards fine writing; and he seems to assume throughout, for a primary fact, that the ascent of the Matterhorn is worthy, as an investment of human energy, to be put beside the investigation into the laws of gravitation, or into the true theory of the development of species. Obviously he regards the whole affair in a grimly determined spirit, very unlike the frivolous dallying with excitement of some of his contemporaries. In this, indeed, lay the secret of his success; and though the story is an old one, and most people have heard enough of it, a few paragraphs may be devoted to setting forth some of its lessons. The full materials are now before us, and we may form as complete a judgment as will ever be in our power. The ascent of the Matterhorn was the culminating victory of the Alpine Club, and the record of that achievement will give the best notion of

the spirit of the pursuit in its palmiest days.

The most curious point in the whole story is one which has been often noticed; mountains were defended partly by their imaginative prestige, and partly by their intrinsic difficulties. The Matterhorn is a striking example of the efficiency of the first of these modes of defence. It was, in certain senses, not quite unlike that monument which,

"Like a tall bully, lifts its head and lies."

This is true chiefly of the northern, or, as it is called, the Hörnli ridge. Thousands of visitors to Zermatt have looked at it, and assumed, without hesitation, that it was totally inaccessible. Many of them were experienced mountaineers, but were hopelessly deceived by the boldness of the imposition. Even when the veil was lifted for a moment, it always returned after a brief interval. Some years before the final assault, old Peter Taugwald, one of Mr. Whymper's guides, remarked to me that it would be tolerably easy to climb it to the point called the "shoulder," and his assertion turned out to be strictly true; but at the time neither he nor I fully realized the possibility. If we believed, it was with that faint and unsteady belief which only apes conviction. Three years before the ascent, Melchior Anderegg made the same remark to me on the Hörnli; and though for the instant the truth flashed upon us, it disappeared again under the influence of a short stroll to another point of view. Thus a comparatively easy and certain route to a point close below the summit had been staring mountaineers in the face for years before it was actually tried.<sup>1</sup> The story reminds me of the ordinary anecdotes about apparently impregnable fortresses. All the proper methods of siege are carried on energetically and

<sup>1</sup> The Messrs. Parker and some excellent amateurs tried this route at an early period, but were without guides, and did not reach any great height.

unsuccessfully, till somebody remembers an easy mode of reaching a neglected postern, and calmly walks in without any particular trouble. Though it is clearly foolish, I cannot remember without a sense of shame that I and others must have contemplated this convenient staircase some hundreds of times, and every now and then thought vaguely of trying it, and yet that we never had the necessary resolution or clearheadedness to make the assault. The route from the Italian side, though far more complex and more really difficult, had not the terrible simplicity of its rival, and threatened and bullied instead of telling a downright barefaced lie. A little attention to simple rules of perspective, a few observations coolly taken, and the Matterhorn would have been assailed from its weak side, and the long series of desperate expeditions rendered unnecessary. Two or three obvious mountaineering axioms should at least have led to trying the route; as it is, we can only confess our weakness, and try to excuse ourselves by the plea that the highest portion even of this route is one of the most dangerous places in the Alps. Perhaps it was a consciousness of the difficulty of the last steps which deterred us from taking the first.

However this may be, the fact may serve to illustrate the extraordinary influence of the Matterhorn upon the imagination even of trained mountaineers. The bold face which it showed upon its least guarded side, diverted the line of assault to the terrible cliffs that rise above Breuil, and they, to say the truth, were tremendous enough in appearance. So tremendous indeed was their aspect, that scarcely half-a-dozen guides and travellers were prepared to give them a fair trial. Mr. Whymper and Professor Tyndall were perhaps the only travellers who surmounted the first impression, and Bennen and Carrel the only guides who attacked them more than once with a real intention to succeed. We receive an impression from Mr. Whymper's narrative which is not altogether a pleasant one, that even amongst

these few there were certain jealousies which postponed the final triumph. The fact is rather implied than expressly stated, and it is needless to consider the rights and wrongs of so unpleasant a question. In one way or another, however, the route was slowly explored. Each expedition moved a little further forwards than its predecessors. The difficult "chimneys" and towers which beat the first explorers, turned out to be assailable by direct approach or a judicious flanking movement. A base of operations was securely fixed high upon the flanks of the mountain. Professor Tyndall at last reached the foot of the highest cliffs, and was turned back under circumstances which are not quite clear, though it would seem that his Italian guide concealed his knowledge of a possible route in order that the glory and profit of the first ascent might not be shared with a Swiss rival. The operations had been carried on with great courage and perseverance, and the details may be sought by those who care for them in Mr. Whymper's pages. It is enough to say that the sap had been carried to the edge of the final entrenchment, and that one man, the Italian Carrel, had at least a shrewd suspicion of the way in which the final assault might be successfully delivered. And now we come to the last act of the drama, which has never before been so clearly explained, and which, as will be seen, has a certain dramatic force, conferring a genuine tragic interest upon the whole story. When Hamlet has been meditating his uncle's death through four acts, and labouring to work himself up to the necessary resolution, the catastrophe is finally brought about by accident, or, if we please to say so, by fate, instead of by the natural development of the situation. Much in the same way the overthrow of the Matterhorn is produced by a sudden shifting of the scene, and the story ends in a most unexpected climax.

Mr. Whymper came to Breuil in 1865, determined to try one more pull with his old enemy. There he found Carrel, the most energetic of its assail-

ants, and the man who was really in possession of the secret; but whilst making the necessary preparations for the assault, it suddenly turned out that Carrel was treacherous. He had made arrangements with an Italian gentleman, and Mr. Whymper had the vexation of seeing his expected ally calmly moving off to the assault in the interests of a rival. The position was certainly irritating; but one chance remained of disappointing his faithless friend. Mr. Whymper had already intended to change the line of assault to the Swiss side. He instantly returned to Zermatt, hastily made up a party, and attacked the mountain by the long-neglected Hörnli route. At 11.40 P.M., on the 14th of July, he had reached the summit, and saw his former friend and present rival climbing slowly from the Italian side, and still twelve hundred feet below him. The retort was perfect; the triumph of climbing the peak was doubled by the triumph of anticipating the Italians; the victory came in the very nick of time, and the travellers, whilst revelling in the thought of having secured the greatest of all mountaineering prizes, felt that they had also won about the most exciting race that could easily be imagined, a race up the most inaccessible of Alpine peaks. The game had been well played, and for a heavy stake. Carrel's false move had thrown the victory into the hands of the English party, and they were excusably triumphant. Perhaps the natural exhilaration may have thrown some of the party a little off their guard, and contributed to the final accident.

That is in brief the story of the conquest of the Matterhorn. The mountain which so few, even of the bravest guides, cared really to look in the face, which had taxed the skill and energy of such excellent mountaineers for years together, fell at last to a sudden *coup de main*. Since Saussure's twenty-five years' siege of Mont Blanc, it is certainly the most striking narrative of its kind, and nothing can well rival it in future. That particular mine of glory has been

fairly worked out; and though the genuine pleasure of mountaineering will be at least as great as ever, the charm of being the first to tread a previously unscaled peak, must be reckoned amongst extinct enjoyments. Was the game worth the candle? is the question which will naturally be asked, and to which in this place I cannot attempt any satisfactory answer. The story, however, just noticed, and some other passages in Mr. Whymper's book, suggests one or two remarks, which more or less bear upon the point. The accident which added so melancholy a climax to the story, is very clearly explained by Mr. Whymper. Nothing, indeed, could well be simpler. The least practised of the party fell in such a way as to knock the strongest guide off his hold in a dangerous place. All mountaineers will agree that if such an accident occurs in such a place, the chances of escape are infinitesimal; and the moral is, that such accidents should never be permitted to occur. If it is asked whether they can be completely avoided, the answer is plain. They have never yet been known to occur, and their occurrence is beyond the verge of probability, in expeditions undertaken by a party of good amateurs, with a sufficient number of good guides. Four amateurs, one of whom was inexperienced, with three guides, of whom two were comparatively incompetent, should never have thought of attacking the most difficult mountain in the Alps. Such a proceeding was contrary to all canons of the science. It is useless to ask with whom the blame rests, though the circumstances just related may partly explain the haste and carelessness with which the expedition was made up. I will only make one remark in passing. Mr. Whymper very properly denounces the absurd fable that the elder Taugwald cut the rope. It was a simple impossibility for him to do so; and if the rope had not instantaneously snapped, the whole party must have been killed. In fact, the three survivors probably owe their lives to Taugwald's presence of mind, to which Mr. Whymper does justice. But I rather regret that he

should not reject decidedly another grave, though less serious accusation, which comes in fact to this, that Taugwald intentionally used a weak rope in fastening himself to Lord F. Douglas, in order to have a chance of being separated from him in case of accident. Knowing the carelessness too often displayed on such occasions, the confidence which guides will show in weak ropes, and the probable state of excitement of the whole party, which would easily account for such an oversight, I think that the hypothesis of deliberate intention on Taugwald's part is in the highest degree improbable; and there is not a particle of direct evidence in its favour. The presumption would be that Croz was almost equally responsible; and, at any rate, such accusations should have some more tangible ground than a vague possibility. A discussion of the point would be out of place here, and I venture upon this digression merely for the sake of an old guide, who has always had a high character, and, to the best of my knowledge, has well deserved it.

To return to the more general question. The Matterhorn accident was unmistakably due to a neglect of notorious precautions. The reader of Mr. Whymper's book will be, however, inclined rather to wonder that no fatal accidents should have occurred earlier than that this should have occurred when it did. We—I speak of Alpine travellers in general—are certainly given at times to the literary device known as "piling up the agony." We can, on occasion, give a very terrible turn to a very simple adventure. The temptation is great, for it would be easy to persuade an inexperienced person that the ascent of Snowdon required reckless courage. Mr. Whymper, however, is a remarkably cool-headed, and even matter-of-fact person. His narratives are generally as unimpassioned as affidavits. And yet, Mr. Whymper's pages fairly bristle with hair-breadth escapes. Besides that marvellous somersault on the Matterhorn, there are at least half-a-dozen occasions on which his escape seems to have been

due to a good luck which he had hardly the right to expect. To quote no other case, he crossed a snow slope under a threatening "serac," which came down in a tremendous avalanche directly after he had passed, and which, had it fallen a few minutes before, must have swept away the whole party. There is, to say the least, something rather startling about the coolness with which he recounts these adventures. "Here," I should say, if I might put myself for the moment in the seat of the scorer, "are you, an experienced mountaineer, who fully understand the theory and justice of the art, who have been generally travelling with the best of guides and with competent companions, who assure us in the most placid manner that no serious danger need be incurred, and wind up with recommending prudence; and yet, if your own accounts be accurate, you have been constantly running risks which no skill could have avoided, to say nothing of the fact that the story ends with a fatal catastrophe brought on by a neglect of your own risks. How do you justify the contrast between your precepts and your practice; and even if we should admit (which scarcely seems to be true in many cases) that the risks were all the result of temporary disregard of the rules you lay down, does it not prove that the temptations to break the rules are too great for a wise man to encounter? A man who is always stepping into gin palaces need not get drunk unless he pleases; but the practice is rather questionable for men of average strength of will. Are not mountaineers tempted so strongly to plunge into excesses, less immoral, but more speedily fatal, that they had better avoid even the danger of temptation?"

Mr. Whymper may answer these questions, if he pleases. For my part, I shall decline to give any elaborate reply, being content to refer my readers to the disquisitions contained in the valuable works devoted expressly to the practice and theory of mountaineering. The dangers may or may not be excessive. I am content here to regard them from a purely literary point of view.



Of course, to people who like highly-spiced narratives, the casualties can hardly be too frequent. If guides were massacred on the Alps as freely as Communists in Paris, the story would be all the more exciting. And yet I must confess that, to a person of severe taste, the intrusion of these horrors into narratives of pure sport has something in it not altogether pleasant. An accident here and there may be tolerated. If nobody was ever killed in hunting, the pursuit would lose some of its dignity. A Guy Livingstone may have his back broken occasionally, partly because we are heartily glad to get rid of such a ruffian, and partly to remind us that it requires some real courage to jump over a big fence. And, in the same way, I do not altogether object to an occasional reference to the fatal consequences which are inseparable from a habit of walking above lofty cliffs on staircases of ice. But, for my part, I prefer the good old narratives where sudden death is kept further in the background. In the days of Saussure, or even of Agassiz and Forbes, accidents were few and far between, and yet people had a greater dread of the mountains than at present. The mixture of tragedy and comedy is supposed to be somehow congenial to our natural tastes, but it is a very difficult style of composition. I do not mean for a moment to object to Mr. Whympers telling us the story of the Matterhorn accident. He relates it simply and unaffectedly; it was desirable that it should be told authoritatively, and some very useful morals may be deduced from it. I only wish to suggest that persons who still continue to climb mountains should so arrange their pursuits that it may be pleasant to read about them afterwards. An amply sufficient supply of accidents has now been accumulated to allow any future writer to season his narrative with references which may make us shudder to our hearts' content. The glaciers of Mont Blanc and Mont Rosa leave a sufficient tinge of blood upon our imaginations, and even the Oberland, though comparatively free, is haunted by more than one un-

pleasant memory. Artistically speaking, it would be desirable that no more additions than are quite unavoidable should be made to our stock of horrors. We shall then be able better to enjoy the peculiar charm which ought to be characteristic of Alpine stories. They should bring back to us the keen enjoyment of pure mountain air breathed by lungs in the highest sanitary condition; of Alpine scenery drunk in at every pore by healthy bodies; and of pleasant sights and sounds such as refresh the weary Londoner in the intervals of his toil; but we should leave horrors to war correspondents and the contributors to sensational periodicals, and let our records of enjoyment suggest mental repose rather than fierce excitement.

Perhaps, however, these are the spiteful observations of a person who has abandoned any intention of gratifying the public by a catastrophe of his own, and grudges that pleasure to people of a less selfish disposition. After all, it is a matter of taste, and the value of human life is very differently estimated by competent observers. Leaving these topics, which it is impossible to avoid in a discussion of Mr. Whympers's book, it is proper to add, before concluding, that he has some other claims to the attention of his readers. He gives, for example, a discussion of the hypothesis put forward by Messrs. Ramsay and Tyndall as to the erosion of valleys and lake-basins by glaciers. I do not enter into the argument, because I should despair of throwing the smallest light upon its merits. Confining myself, as before, to the literary point of view, I will simply observe that it is pleasant to see that Mr. Whympers shows the same pugnacious temperament in his scientific disquisitions as is illustrated by his performances as a mountaineer. He grapples with Professor Tyndall much as he grappled with the Matterhorn, and shows the same pugnacity whether or not he shows the same skill. This unconscious exhibition of character may probably recommend his book to some readers who, in an Alpine point of view, must be reckoned amongst the profane.



He is evidently a tough, indomitable person who requires a good many knocks on the head, whether from rocks or from professions, before he will loose his hold. Now that he is parted from the old employment of his energies, the more faithful amongst mountaineers will hope to see him exhibiting the same qualities in some different direction. He has already paid a visit to Greenland ; and should he determine to visit the North Pole, they will have a well-founded confidence that

he will not fail for want of obstinacy and endurance. And here, lest I should unawares fall into some remarks about Anglo-Saxon enterprise—which would certainly be far from novel and possibly not quite true—I will take leave of Mr. Whymper's narrative ; though it is not without melancholy that I feel myself to be parting from what must be one of the last, as it is certainly the most beautifully illustrated, of the literary family to which it belongs.

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#### A SUNSET ON YARROW.

THE wind and the day had lived together,  
They died together, and far away  
Spoke farewell in the sultry weather,  
Out of the sunset, over the heather,  
The dying wind and the dying day.

Far in the south, the summer levin  
Flushed, a flame in the grey soft air :  
We seemed to look on the hills of heaven ;  
You saw within, but to me 'twas given  
To see your face, as an angel's, there.

Never again, ah surely never  
Shall we wait and watch, where of old we stood,  
The low good-night of the hill and the river,  
The faint light fade, and the wan stars quiver,  
Twain grown one in the solitude.

A. L.

## A DAY WITH THE PIES.

BY CHAS. BUXTON, M.P.

SINCE I was a small boy my one ambition had been to pay a visit to the Pies at Scoulton; but years had chased years to the shore, and my hopes of seeing them had never been fulfilled. At last the day came. Two exquisite mornings turned away my thoughts from politics to the woods and fields, and on Thursday, May 25, finding "Army Regulation Bill Committee" put down as the Order of the Day, I telegraphed to the Rev. Arthur Upcher at Wrenningham, near Wymondham, in whose rectory I was sure of a welcome, to say I was coming, and would go the next morning to Scoulton to see the Pies. What a change from the preceding evenings in the House of Commons! Not a breath of wind disturbed the deep peace in which the country was wrapped. The meadows of rich grass shining with buttercups, the rooks cawing from the elms, the blackbird fluting from among the blossoms of the thorn—how far sweeter than the prate of the everlasting Colonels and Mr. Cardwell's oft-repeated replies! As the twilight fell, and we walked between the lilacs and laburnums of the shrubbery, the nightingale, disturbed by our footsteps, just touched his lute for a moment, and then sank again into sleep.

Perhaps some reader who was taught at school only Latin and Greek, and no really useful knowledge, may ask what *are* the Pies of Scoulton. They are black-headed gulls, smallest and prettiest of all the English gulls, except indeed the little gull, the scarcest of strangers. Their heads are black and their backs are blue (not unlike Mr. Lear's Jumbles); their underclothing is brilliant white, and their delicate long bills and legs are red. There are three places in England where they breed: one is a reedy lake in Northumberland, another in Lincolnshire, the third is at Scoulton, near

Wymondham, in Norfolk, where their eggs are usually taken to the amount of nine or ten thousand a year, and sold in Norwich Market, the last lay being always respected; but for two or three years they have all been left, as the gulls seemed to be diminishing.

Alas! the morning rose gloomy and windy, with every prospect of rain; but as we drove along the wind fell, the sun shone out, and it became a perfect spring day. The approach to the Mere is through a beautiful shrubbery, which leads to Woodrising Hall; the Mere itself is of considerable size, with two islands, one small, but standing very high above the water, and with a summer-house on the top, buried in trees. The other island is large, flat, and marshy, with reeds growing far into the water round it. I was disappointed, as we rowed along, at seeing only some twenty or thirty of the gulls flying about at the further end of the lake, instead of the multitudes I had expected; but on rounding a corner of the larger island, one of the party gave a shout, and in a moment there sprang up from the reeds (like the devils at the call of Satan) at least a thousand of these beautiful birds, filling the air with their cries. The noise at a distance is like a very soft caw-cawing of rooks, though when you come near it has a somewhat harsh and guttural sound—but perhaps they were angry at our intrusion. As we approached, the scene became one of the most unique character. The lake is surrounded with trees: all were in their bright spring verdure, lighted up by a brilliant sun, and against this background were to be seen the sparkling white forms of the gulls as they flew round and round, and up and down, in every imaginable direction. Nothing can be more graceful than their flight; every movement is in a gentle curve, and the contrast of their black heads

with the whiteness of their bodies, adds extremely to the effect as they skim past. They showed by their tameness that they knew perfectly well we had no evil intentions. Every now and then one would plump into the water close by us, and examine us carefully with his bright black eye; after satisfying himself about us, he would rise softly, and rejoin his companions. The nests are made by pressing three or four of the reed plants down, and so forming a soft platform resting on the thick stems, and raised about a foot above the water. The first nest we saw contained young birds, covered with long down, brown in colour, with blackish stripes down the back. We took one or two very young ones out of the nests to examine them, to the extreme indignation of the parents, who dashed so close past my head as I held them in my hands, that I thought they would knock my hat off. The boatman said they often actually do this to him, but then they know him better. Plenty of larger young ones might be seen stealing away over the mud under the reeds, or swimming between them. One little fellow had a mind to test our speed and set off across the water to the shore. We rowed after him as quick as we could, but he got safe under the bank, and so far beneath it that the longest arm could not reach him. Some of the nests still contained eggs, green, blotched with black, like plovers' eggs, but larger, more blunt, and far less delicious to eat. After the first alarm the gulls for the most part settled again among the reeds, but a shout always brought them up again, and at once the air became filled with waving wings and shining plumage. They never ceased crying, their mouths being always a little open as they sped along, not moving in a body together like rooks, but weaving their way in and out, crossing each other's curves in a way that suggested the lines in the "Ancient Mariner"—

"And in and out, in reel and rout,  
The death-fires danced about."

The spectacle was certainly one of

singular interest and beauty.—It is a curious fact that they always arrive exactly on March 12. Now, how is it possible that these and other migrants should keep this accurate account of their appointments?

They live, I believe, mostly on the worms that they pick up in the neighbouring ploughed fields. We saw one field that was under the plough, with twenty or thirty of them hard at work, and I was told that they are often to be seen following the ploughman's heels much closer than even rooks will dare to do. They may perhaps be glad of fish whenever they can get them, but Scoulton must be twenty-five miles from the sea, and is quite away from the system of Norfolk Broads, which lie in the east, full thirty miles away. We did not see them fishing in the Mere itself. The farmers never injure them, as they are found extremely useful, and do no harm whatever. Occasionally they are seen till nine or ten at night, chasing the cockchafers among the trees.

As we rowed back we saw a father and mother dab-chick with their little ones, a lovely fleet, swimming across the Broad. We gave chase, but with no evil intentions, and it was amusing to see the children instantly vanish under water with a slight splash, and not one of them reappeared. No doubt they had been born with an "innate idea" (*pace* John Locke), that their safety lay in swimming under the bank, before they rose again to the surface. The parents would not take the trouble to dive, but vanished among the reeds, long before we reached the spot. By this time the sun was overcast and the blackest of black clouds was rising in the west, while the wind rose fast, and we had barely time to get under the shelter of the summer-house on the island, when a frantic squall of wind with torrents of rain swept over the lake, and while we ate our luncheon the waters below were in wild commotion. In a few minutes it had passed away, and was followed by "the stilly hour when storms are gone,"—and so ended our visit to the Pies of Scoulton.

## THE STATE PAPERS OF FRANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLEMISH INTERIORS."

AMONG the irreparable injuries inflicted on France and on the world by the rabid and malicious fury of the "*Commune*," is one which will be more keenly felt by the historian and the antiquarian than even the demolition of the noble and storied edifices of Paris, swept ruthlessly away, with their intensely interesting associations and traditions.

At the moment when the demon of destruction let loose in Paris was sparing neither life nor property, and popular fury, venting itself with special satisfaction upon every object connected either with authority or tradition, went so far as to set fire, among other time-honoured monuments, to the Palais de Justice, it was natural we should ask ourselves with consternation, What—in this universal cataclysm—can have been the fate of the Archives of Paris? What also can have become of the venerable Archivist, the faithful guardian and zealous protector of these unique and priceless historical treasures—the living glossary of these authentic and suggestive documents, the intelligent interpreter of their often mysterious significance?

What a treat it was to spend a morning at the Préfecture—to talk history, the stirring and romantic history of France, with this zealous and learned consignee, in every way worthy of his trust! What a feast he could provide out of his vast storehouse, filled as it was with the very concentrated essence of historic lore!

There is something more than mere sentimentality in the enthusiasm which fires us when we see beneath our eyes, and hold in our hands, the genuine, original documents from which all history has been taken—the raw material

out of which the web of fiction and fact, poetry and prose, romance and history, have alike been woven—the terse, simple, honest statements which have been so distorted by the interests, the party-spirit, or the prejudices of those through whose hands they have been transmitted to us, that when we see them in their virginal purity we find it difficult to believe they can have any connection with the inflamed and exaggerated, the coarse and passionate, forms under which we have been taught to know them.

There were, however, among these same State Papers of France, some records so hideous in their naked truth that no historian *could* render them more ghastly; so fiery in their native colouring that even a modern dramatist would have found it difficult to make them more sensational; and, strange to say, in these days of boasted progress and civilization, the very fiercest of them are vividly recalled to us by the not less sanguinary and diabolical acts we read of as occurring at the present hour.

Little, indeed, did we dream when studying those fearful details, that a second Reign of Terror was in the future of our own experience, and that scenes as revolting were about once more to disgrace the same nation.

Since the date of the petroleum-incendiary fires in Paris, grave have been the conjectures and various the reports as to the destiny of this invaluable portion of what we may term the "properties" of the State; it is therefore with no small satisfaction that we learn from an authentic source the safety of the greater part of the "Archives Historiques," rescued, strange to

say, by the merest accident, the details of which are as follows:—

In the month of January last, during the siege of Paris by the Prussian troops, a fire suddenly broke out one day at the Préfecture de Police, at that time under the direction of M. Cresson, whose coadjutors were M. Choppin, now Préfet de l'Aisne, and M. Léon Renault, now Préfet du Loiret. The conflagration was promptly arrested and proved to have been the result of an accident; it, however, aroused the fears of M. Cresson, and suggested to him the possible occurrence of many disasters, which he prudently resolved to forestall. He immediately caused the most valuable of these MSS. to be removed to a place of safety, selecting for that purpose a vault, in which he had them bricked up, enclosing with them the celebrated Venus of Milo, one of the choicest of the antiquities from the Louvre; to this precaution alone do we owe their preservation from the destruction in which they must have been involved when, on the 24th of May last, the wing of the edifice whence they had been abstracted was maliciously fired.

From the schedule<sup>1</sup> of all that now

<sup>1</sup> Authentic list of the portion of the Historical Archives saved from the Préfecture de Police:—

The prison books containing the *écrous* (entries) of prisoners confined respectively at the—

Conciergerie from the year 1500 to 1794  
Châtelet                   "                   " 1651   " 1792

At the Prisons—

Of St. Martin, from the year 1649 to 1791  
" St. Eloy,                   "                   " 1663   " 1743  
" La Tournelle,           "                   " 1667   " 1775  
" La Tour St. Bernard,   "                   " 1716   " 1792  
" Bicêtre,                   "                   " 1780   " 1796  
" La Force,                   "                   " 1790   " 1800  
" Port-Libre (Port-Royal), for the years II. and III. of the Republic.

" St. Lazare, for year II. of the Republic.  
" L'Egalité (Collège du Plessis), for the years II. to IV. of the Republic.

" Ste. Pélagie, from 1793 to year VII. of the Republic.

" the Abbaye, from 1793 to year II. of the Republic.

" the Luxembourg, from 1793 to year II. of the Republic.

" the Carmes, from 1793 to year II. of the Republic.

remains, appended below, it appears that several extremely interesting documents are absent: among those missing, is one of which we should be sorry there could be a duplicate, and yet the world can hardly afford to lose so striking and characteristic a relic.

Of the Maison de Santé de la Folie-Regnault, for year II. of the Republic.

" " Maison de Santé Belhomme.

" " du Temple, from year IV. to 1808.

" Vincennes from 1808 to 1814.

The Registers of the interrogatories of individuals arrested for emigration and opposition to the Revolution, from 1793 to year II. of the Republic.

The Registers of divers police researches, from 1790 to year II. of the Republic.

The Registers of prisoners by order of the King, from 1728 to 1772. (Provincial Prisons.)

The Registers of criminal proceedings, from the year 1725 to 1789.

Inventory of persons imprisoned by order of the King within the jurisdiction of Paris.

Inventory of persons imprisoned by order of the King. (Provincial Jurisdiction.)

Decisions of Provincial Councils.

Sentences and decisions of the Parliament of Paris from 1767 to 1791.

MS. collection of laws and police regulations, known as the "Collection Lamoignon," 1182 to 1762.

The Registers of the banners and colours of the Châtelet.

The laws, regulations, and edicts enacted from the time of St. Louis to that of Henri II. inclusive.

Notes on the prisoners of the Bastille from 1661 to 1756.

All *Lettres de Cachet* between 1721 and 1789.

The Procès-verbaux, or official statements of Police functionaries, from 1790 to 1814.

Judgments, orders of arrestation, of transferment of liberation of prisoners, from 1789 to year V. of the Republic.

Notes by Topinot Lebrun relative to the individuals cited before the Revolutionary tribunal.

Funeral services, programmes, and other particulars relating to the inhumation of Princes.

All the papers relating to the attempt by the infernal machine of the Rue St. Nicaise.

Papers relating to the trials of Georges Cadoudal; Général Mallett; Fauche; Borel and Perlet; Lavalette; the Confederates of Paris; of Maubreuil; the Twenty-two Patriots; Ceracchi; the Ex-conventionalists; the Conspiracy of 1820; Louvel; Mathurin Bruno; La Rochelle, &c. &c.

We are all familiar with the figurative diction which speaks of books "written in blood," but few of us have realized to themselves the horror with which they would peruse such pages; yet, among the vast collection of State curiosities preserved in the extensive chambers of the Préfecture, existed a volume which might be literally and not rhetorically so described. I have held it in my hand, *horresco referens*, and turned its discoloured leaves, and read upon them the dreadful tale of human passions—for every line is the confession of a crime.

The history of this ledger is that of the "Hundred Hours." It stood propped up desk-fashion upon a small shelf facing the door of the Abbaye which opened into the court, and at the extremity of a short passage, up and down which paced Maillard, while the miserable prisoners, after undergoing a mock trial of a few minutes' duration, were led out, unconscious whether they were condemned or acquitted, and handed over to the "travailleurs," better known as "Septembriseurs"—those hired and extemporized executioners only too readily to be found in times of popular tumult—to be savagely butchered. The whole process of arrest, judgment, and execution appears to have occupied less than a quarter of an hour, and the voice of humanity must have been utterly stifled. The registry is made with consummate terseness: "Jugé par le peuple et mis à mort sur-le-champ," without the assignation of any cause, stands opposite every name with rare exceptions, though "Jugé par le peuple et mis en liberté" does occur once or twice. Opposite one, is this singular and suggestive entry: "Jugé par le peuple et mis en libre," with a stroke through the last two words and the correction "à mort!" We ask ourselves, with a shudder, was this an act of clemency repented of during the penning of the entry? or—who knows?—was it that, after being acquitted, the wretched victim was massacred by mistake? Alas! none will ever know, till this world has ceased to be.

As the wretched prisoners, helpless and unresisting, were cut down and thrown quivering and mangled on a ghastly heap, their blood, like that of Abel, was crying vengeance from the ground, and was even then, as we shall see, rising up in silent but eloquent testimony against their relentless and inhuman murderers. Every page of this curious and, let us hope, unique volume, is stained with the blood of these hapless creatures, as it was dashed out of their frames with the clubs and knives with which they were slaughtered; while on some of the leaves remain the marks, sometimes of fingers, sometimes of the entire hand, of the brutal murderer who came in, reeking with gore from his scarcely-finished work, to inscribe his own name and that of his victim, and to obtain the price of blood.

The mode in which the payments were made, we learn from what may be called the Supplement to this bloody record: a file of "*Bons pour 25 francs*" preserved along with it, each being signed on the back by the "travailleur" who received it, and, after his name, added his trade or occupation and address. Little deemed he when complying with this formality that he was writing his own conviction; for we are glad to find that a day of retribution came at last, and on the strength of this very evidence, these "travailleurs," consisting of tradesmen and artisans, were traced, prosecuted, and convicted under the Restoration; being then punished either with the *Bagnes* or perpetual imprisonment.

Another hideous episode of this fearful epoch recorded here, was the massacre of the Collège de St. Firmin, scarcely less barbarous than that of the Carmes. The following singular I O U, which I copied, bears upon it its evidence of the principles on which such work was done: thus, it survives to be read by succeeding generations:—

"COMMUNE DE PARIS.

"The citizen treasurer of the Commune will please to pay to Gilbert Petit the sum of 48 livres, in consideration of the time devoted by him and three of his comrades to the des-



patching (*expédient*) of the priests of St. Firmin, during two days, according to the requisitions made to us by the section of *Sans Culottes* who employed them.

"Dated, à la Maison Commune,  
This 4th day of Ventose, 1vth year of Liberté  
and 1st of Egalité.

(Signed) NICOL & JÉRÔME LAMARCK,  
Commissaires de la Commune."

It is endorsed—

"Received the sum of 48 livres.  
GILBERT PETIT + his mark."

The College of St. Firmin had existed since 1220, and stood in the Rue St. Victor. It had been abandoned for some time when the house was opened as a seminary for preachers, and St. Vincent de Paul was appointed its chaplain. This religious institution, suppressed in 1790, became the property of the nation, and served as a prison during the Reign of Terror.

It was at the time of this suppression that the wholesale assassination of the inmates occurred, and it is thus described by Nougaret :—

"At the Séminaire de St. Firmin," says he, "the ruffians, tired of executing their victims one by one, burst open the house, and rushed frantically within; in a few minutes it presented the appearance of a vast shambles, human blood began to flow on the beds and floors of the dormitory, and to pour in a stream down the stairs. Men still living were thrown from the windows to fall upon the pikes, bayonets, and scythes of those who stood below to receive them and finish the barbarous work.

"Those who had taken sanctuary at the altar were assassinated at its foot; while falling on their knees and striking their breasts they were receiving the benediction of the most venerable among them, and were imploring Heaven to pardon their murderers. Among the ninety-one priests thus sacrificed, was one Joseph-Marie-Gros, vicar of St. Nicolas du Chardonnet, who had always entertained the most maternal affection for his flock. While bewildered by the frantic figures of the cowardly villains who surrounded him, his eye fell on a face in the midst of them, which he immediately recognized as one of his parishioners, to whom he had always shown special kindness. A ray of hope illumined his horizon as the familiar features approached. 'Mon ami,' said he, 'surely I know you!'

"'Maybe you once did, but I no longer know any one but the Commune that pays me.'

"'Have you, then, forgotten all our former relations!'

"'Entirely.'

"The venerable old man gave himself up, and a tear trembled in his eye as he thought of the sinful ingratitude and perversity of his former catechumen. Meantime the fellow, surlily turning away his head that he might not meet the meek and silent reproach, beckoned to his comrades, who at once seized the grey-haired octogenarian, and remorselessly threw him from the window. His head was broken on the pavement below, which was strewn with his brains. His aged limbs quivered for a moment, but he moved no more, and his body was thrown on the ghastly heap beside him. When his will was opened, it was found he had left all his little property to the poor of his parish, with a special legacy to the miscreant whose hand had been the instrument of his death."

Among these State Papers are enumerated the *écrous* of all the prisoners who passed through the cells of the Abbaye during the Reign of Terror. Among them what can be more moving than that of the unfortunate Queen—the beautiful Marie Antoinette—once the idol, and a few short years later the butt, of the populace? Well indeed might Alfred Nettement pen those elegant and touching sketches of her as "*Heureuse comme une Reine*," and "*Malheureuse comme une Reine*!"

By these insolent cowards we find her name entered as "*Marie Antoinette, veuve de Louis Capet le raccourci*!" while that of the Princess Elizabeth, the King's sister, stands—"Marie Elisabeth Capet, accusé d'avoir excité le peuple à la haine et à la révolte contre l'autorité!" A singular charge to be made by fellows themselves rebels against all law and order.

Madame de Lamballe's and other distinguished names appear in the hideous list, where also we read that of Charlotte Corday.

Of all, however, perhaps the most curious, the most interesting, and certainly among the most valuable to the historian, was a bundle of papers contained in a worm-eaten wooden casket. Monsieur Labat, seeing how deeply occupied I was with the fortunes of the beautiful and hapless Queen, whose cruel fate I do not think I had ever so vividly

realized to myself till this moment, produced this ancient box from some hidden recess, and placed it on the green baize cloth before me, with something like veneration; then, pointing to it, he said solemnly:—

"That box contains the solution to one of the enigmas of history. In that correspondence lies the complete and ample justification of Marie Antoinette, and the true story of the COLLIER DE LA REINE."

The papers seized at the house of Robespierre, after his assassination, are numerous, and, as may be supposed, among them are some terribly compromising. One bundle consisted entirely of anonymous threats and warnings addressed to this democrat, who must have lived for some months in hourly expectation of the fate he finally met. One of these is accompanied by a singular pen-and-ink caricature, in which he is represented sitting on a tomb occupying the centre of the paper: on it is inscribed the comprehensive epitaph—

"Cy-gît toute la France!"

Beneath his feet are two volumes, labelled "Constitution de 1792," and "Constitution de 1793." On either side is a semicircle of guillotines, each specifically inscribed to signify that it has served to exterminate a separate class of society—nobles, landowners, ministers, officials, politicians, *savans*, priests, religious orders, tradesmen, &c. &c. At the base is one more guillotine, on which lies "Monsieur de Paris," the only individual now left alive, and whom Robespierre himself is therefore in the act of guillotining. We are given to understand by a note at foot, that Robespierre having caused the whole French nation to be executed, and no longer needing the services of the headsmen, is giving himself the trouble of executing *him*, and then means to reign in peace over the whole of France.

The *procès verbal* of the *post-mortem* examination of Mirabeau is another curious *pièce*, proving that his death was not the result of poison, but of his own intemperate habits.

Absent likewise from the existing list is a characteristic autograph letter addressed by Louis-Philippe Joseph Egalité to his daughter, regulating her expenditure at the time when, having compounded with his creditors, he was himself living on an allowance of 200,000 livres a year. The Princess was then hiding in Brussels, and the letter was entrusted to a female domestic, who, bribed by the self-constituted Government of France, betrayed her employers to them and gave up their whereabouts, placing the letter in the hands of the President.

In it the Duke desires her to limit her expenses to 4,000 livres a month, and directs that her establishment shall consist of a "*gouvernante*," a "*femme de chambre*," and a "*valet de chambre*," and that she shall keep only one "*carrosse à deux chevaux*, pour sa promener trois ou quatre fois par semaine."

The report of the execution of Cartouche, also preserved here, affords some very dramatic particulars not generally known. This brigand was not only an immensely powerful man, but he had an iron will, and, when undergoing the fulfilment of his sentence, suffered the application of the "question" in very severe forms, without for a moment flinching or wavering in his determination not to betray his accomplices, persuaded as he was, that, before the final issue, he certainly should be rescued by the armed force of his desperate band. With wonderful constancy and confiding patience did the brigand chief await the arrival of his followers; and even when his limbs were so dislocated and mangled that he was about to be carried off to the scaffold to which he was no longer able to walk, he yet held firmly to his conviction of their intrepidity and fidelity. Alas! however, for this heroic faith, which might have been better placed, no signs of relief appeared; and when, arrived under the shadow of the guillotine, he saw himself hopelessly forsaken, his heart was filled with disappointment and rage.

"Stay," said he to the *Valets du*

bourreau, who supported his shattered frame, "I have revelations to make."

On this, Cartouche was carried back—Heaven knows in what condition—to his cell, the condemned cell, an awful place to behold; pens and paper were brought, and the wretched convict made a last supreme effort to write down the names of his false friends and faint-hearted adherents. It was in vain; his arm dropped lifeless by his side, and he was fain to content his vengeance by dictating the fatal declaration.

Thirty names he gave, including those of two of his mistresses, which head the list, as it there stands appended to his "acte de condamnation."

This evidence, however, though fatal to his gang, served him but little, and the sentence which condemned him to die on the wheel was not even commuted; for we read in the margin of the record the fearful words "*rompu vi*," testifying to the mode of his death, and another note states that he lived twelve hours on the rack!

The Genovevan library possesses his skull, bequeathed by him to the Fathers of that monastery, within which he desired to be buried; it is asserted that just before he expired, the miserable man sent for one of these religious, and made a full and penitent confession.

Cartouche received his education in the same college as Voltaire, and among the *écrou*s of the Bastille preserved here, his name is, by a singular coincidence, inscribed on the same page as that of "Arouet," when incarcerated there for libel—"pour crime de poésie," as the accusation is styled.

The "lettres de cachet" of all the prisoners who were ever arrested according to that formality, form another important collection among these papers: these "lettres de cachet," of the mysterious nature of which so many romancists have availed themselves, were all signed by the King, and countersigned by the Minister; and by the mode in which the two signatures were bracketed together, it was impossible any other name could be inserted between. A knowledge of this fact may

contribute to spoil some few pages of some few French novels, and upset the probabilities of their plots.

The *écrou* of Ravallac I was curious to see, and it was instantly brought me. It stood in the middle of a double-columned page of an old book, so ancient that it almost crumbled beneath the touch. It shows this miscreant to have been not "a Jesuit," as history generally states, but a "*praticien*,"—a mechanic or industrial—possibly, a medical—practitioner.

That of Jacques Clement has been lost.

Many similar notes does my Diary of the year 1859 contain of visits to the Préfecture, but the above will suffice to show how deplorable would have been the loss had such unique and priceless memoranda been sacrificed to the insane fury of an association of coarse and unappreciative roughs.

It is a remarkable fact that notwithstanding the revolutions that have laid bare all the most hidden corners of Paris, notwithstanding the sacking and pillaging of public buildings, and the great interest many must have had in searching, appropriating, or destroying such documents as these, never, but with one solitary exception, has a single item been abstracted from the collection. Every successive archivist has remained sternly, as well as diplomatically, faithful to the traditions of his predecessors.

The occasion to which I refer, occurred during the Empire, when it appears that all the documents having any reference to the *affaire de Strasbourg* and the *affaire de Boulogne* were removed by supreme authority, on the plea that they belonged to another department, were not restored, and have never since been found!

The following anecdote appeared to me curious and characteristic, and as such I offer it to my readers: it is, at all events, authentic.

In 1848, when Caussidière was at the head of the Préfecture de Police, an individual, destined subsequently to occupy an important position, presented

himself one day at the Dépôt des Archives, and, exhibiting an authorization signed by certain members of the Government, requested that a register he required to consult should be given up to him. M. Labat received him, and, having listened to his request and examined his paper, returned it to him, at the same time politely but firmly regretting that it was quite impossible to comply therewith, on the plea that it was contrary to all precedent in the history of the nation for the archivist to allow the minutest item constituting his trust to leave the premises; he added, however, that he should be happy to allow any paper to be examined in his presence. This arrangement did not appear to suit the applicant, who withdrew extremely dissatisfied with the reply.

M. Labat repaired at once to Caussidière's room, and informed him of the visit he had received and the demand which was its object.

"And you acquiesced?" replied he.

"By no means," said M. Labat.

"How! When he produced an

authority!" exclaimed the astonished Caussidière.

"The refusal was absolutely imperative," answered M. Labat. "Only see whether such a precedent would lead us! My trust was handed to me intact, and I must transmit it in the same condition. Ours is an office in which we must, perforce, establish an inviolable solidarity; and the moment I am compelled by superior authority to infringe upon that principle, I shall resign my position."

Caussidière, well aware of the value of so zealous a defender of property so important to the nation, was delighted with the intelligence and courage of his subordinate.

"My dear M. Labat," said he, "would that France possessed a few more such public servants as you. Continue, I pray you, to act with as much prudence and firmness as you have exhibited to-day: I authorize you to keep a loaded pistol on your desk, and if need be to fire it at the first person who attempts to meddle with your papers, even if it should be myself."

#### CORRECTION TO "SOUVENIRS OF THE CAMPAIGN OF THE LOIRE."

I wish to rectify some passages in my article in the May Number of *MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE*.

(1.) I spoke on page 79, col. 1, of a theft committed by a Bavarian ambulance. I have since learnt that the German military department, to which we addressed our protest on the subject, has restored sixteen quilts to the village of Raucourt.

(2.) On page 73, col. 2, I stated, on the authority of a peasant, that the people of Civry and Varise had fired on an ambulance. I have lately seen the Mayor of Varise, who was on the spot at the time, and he tells me—what is in itself more probable—that there was no ambulance at all, and that the firing was directed against the scouts and the requisition-party of soldiers. It was on a Friday that the skirmish took place and the Bavarians were killed; and on Saturday they came back in force with two guns, and burned the village to the last cottage.

(3.) Page 71, col. 2. I am assured by a well-informed Bavarian officer, that the fact here mentioned does not carry the weight attributed to it by the hero of the adventure, who was himself my informant.

(4.) But my most serious mistake is contained in page 80, col. 1, where I related, on authority which I believed to be unexceptionable, a story to the disadvantage of M. Bethmann Hollweg. Recent inquiries have convinced me that the story is totally incorrect, and I desire to express my deep regret at having circulated a report at once so false and so injurious to the reputation of that gentleman.—These four examples may serve to show the difficulty of being accurate, even when a writer is most earnestly bent on being so.